McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911 NO. 1

HORSE LEFT SEVERAL HOURS IN DEEP WATER.

Deserted by Man and Boy on Larabee Flats Saturday Night.

RIG WAS FOUND SUNDAY MORNING

Man and Boy Secure Horse From Local Liveryman and When on Larabee Flats in High Water Instead of Releasing Horse, Tie Him to Back of Cutter and Desert Him—Horse Will Probably Be Stiff.

Last Saturday afternoon at about five o'clock a young man named Lloyd Burroughs, aged about 20, and a boy about 12 years of age, entered Palmer's livery barn in this borough and asked for a rig. They stated that they wished to go to Eldred to see an aunt and would return with the rig Sunday afternoon. They were given a good horse and cutter and then started out.

When they reached the Larabee flats they found water above the road but thinking it was not very deep they started through. They had gone but about 150 feet beyond the Pennsylvania railroad crossing when the depth of the water evidently frightened them, for it was nearly to the horse's knees. Thinking there was no chance of getting through to the other side of the river and probably forgetting that a horse and cutter could be turned around, they deliberately got out into the water, unhitched the horse, and instead of leading the poor dumb brute out or letting him free, in which case he would have come home, they proceeded to tie the animal to the back of the cutter. The man and boy then walked back to the Pennsylvania tracks and started to walk to Eldred.

It was between 9 and 11 o'clock when the man left the horse in the water, for about 9 o'clock a rig passed over the road and there were no signs of it then, but about 11 o'clock another rig went through and the driver of that rig says he saw a rig at the side of the road, but as it was very dark he paid no attention to it, thinking it had drawn to one side to let him pass. The horse stayed in the ice cold water until Sunday morning. At about 10 o'clock on this day Ed. Champlain and Zally of Coryville started for Larabee to spend New Year's day with friends and when they reached the flats they found the horse in an almost frozen condition. The animal was tied in such a way with the reins that when he tried to get loose the bit would bring him back to the cutter. Mr. Champlain got out of his rig, untied the horse and was forced to cut about a foot of his raft off to free him from the ice, and slowly and with much coaxing led the poor horse to Larabee where he was placed in the barn of Mr. Peake and received what care was possible to give him.

When Burroughs and his friend reached Eldred they went to the livery barn of Dan Rourke and had Mr. Rourke telephone to Palmer's livery and tell them that their horse was dead on the Larabee flats. This was the first information the local livery had of the rig and A. T. Palmer at once started for the scene in another rig. When Mr. Palmer reached the scene at about 11 o'clock he found the cutter but no horse. He started back and inquired of a farmer if he knew of the horse's whereabouts. He was told that he had been taken to Larabee and was in good hands and receiving good care. Mr. Palmer then came to Smethport and secured a veterinary and took him to Larabee where they found the horse much improved. It is now thought the animal will fully recover with the possible exception of being considerably stiffened owing to his being warm when driven into the ice cold water and then standing there for 12 hours.

While at the Eldred livery Burroughs attempted to secure a team to go to the scene and drag the supposedly dead animal out of the water but was refused. They then started back toward Larabee asking several farmers for a team, but were refused by all. This was the last that has been seen or heard of them.

This would be a good case for the Humane Society to look into.

Horse for Sale.

Will trade horse for cattle, weight 1400. Inquire

MRS. R. D. GREEN,
Jan.5-1t Ormsby, Pa.

CHEMICAL CARTS.

Two New Up-to-Date Chemical Carts Here on Approval.

Tuesday two new fire chemical carts arrived at the hose house. They were ordered at the instance of the borough council and are on 30 days trial.

For several years past it has been recognized by our citizens, and principally our fire-fighters, that a first-class chemical cart would be a great addition to our fire-fighting apparatus.

One cart is from the LaFrance Fire Engine Co. of Elmira, from which our fire engine was purchased, and the price, less discount, is $305.00. The other cart is from the Ajax Fire Engine Co. of New York and is listed, less discount, at $200.00. Each cart is equipped with 150 feet of chemical hose and has a capacity of 45 gallons. A thorough test will be given each cart and it is to be hoped that one of them will be bought.

It is an investment that any citizen of this borough will sanction if he has the protection of our property at heart. With one of these carts three or four men could go any place in town and put out any fire that is confined to the inside of a building in a very short time, without the ponderous efforts of water.

With a chemical cart this borough would have the best and most up-to-date fire-fighting apparatus in this state for a town of its size. We have a fine $5000 fire engine, which has demonstrated its worth many times in the two years we have had it; 2000 feet of the finest double-jacked hose, which has been thoroughly tested to 200 pounds pressure; three good hose carts; hook and ladder cart, and five hand chemicals. With a chemical cart the list would be complete, and we hope the council will see fit to purchase one.

CANAL LECTURE CANCELLED.

Claude N. Bennett, Lecturer, Has Appendicitis.

The third number of the course of five entertainments held under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department was to have been Claude N. Bennett in his lecture on the Panama Canal. But a message received here Sunday from the Antrim Entertainment Bureau of Philadelphia, who book the attractions, stated that Mr. Bennett was in a hospital suffering with appendicitis. The message also said that another man could be sent with a different lecture, but the committee having charge of the entertainments decided that a new lecture, unless thoroughly advertised, would not be a good investment. And as James Quirk, owner of the Lyceum, had the Toronto Male Quartette booked for this (Thursday) evening, arrangements were made with him to turn this attraction over to the fire department to take the place of the Panama Canal lecture.

This quartette comes very highly recommended as a musical organization and an evening of enjoyment can be looked for.

The season tickets are good for this attraction in place of the lecture. Take your season ticket to Wells' drug store and get your reserved seat for the fine attraction to-night.

STATE LEGISLATURE CONVENES.

William Crow, President Pro Tem. of Senate, and John Cox, Speaker of the House.

A Harrisburg dispatch, dated Jan. 3, says: The state legislature of 1911 convened at noon today. Preliminaries or organization were put through in short order without a hitch.

William Crow of Fayette county, was elected president pro tem of the senate. John Cox of Allegheny was chosen for the second term as speaker of the house. In addition to the election of the presiding officers various committees were named.

Governor Stuart's final message to the legislature was read this afternoon and a committee appointed to prepare for the inaugural of Governor John K. Tener on January 17.

In order to advance the deficiency bill to provide funds for the inauguration and the pay of senate and house employees for the first two weeks of the session, it is probable that both branches will hold a session to-morrow and then recess until January 16.

Previous to convening the legislature to-day the Democrats, in caucus, nominated Senator J. Henry Cochran of Williamsport as their candidate for United States Senator. The vote was: Cochran, 27; Guthrie, 7; Groevy, 7.

Subscribe for The Miner.

BOWLING MATCH.

"Long Legs" Easily Defeat "Short Legs" in Two Series.

Much interest and excitement was aroused in bowling circles last week when two local teams of bowlers, named the "Long Legs" and the "Short Legs," met in mortal combat at the Backus alleys in the basement of the Backus building. The game bowled was "Duck" pins. The first series took place Monday afternoon and Horace Redfield's "Long Legs" trounced Ned Newman's "Short Legs" in three straight games. There was much talk by the "Short Legs" of what would be done when the next series was pulled off the following Saturday. But Saturday dawned fair and the "Long Legs" prognasticated that as a favorable sign for them, and such it was. It was another case of one, two, three, and the "Short Legs" went down to a crushing defeat. Whether the "Short Legs" will revive sufficiently to issue another challenge to their long opponents or not remains to be seen.

Monday evening, according to the terms of the challenge, the "Short Legs" gave a dinner to their successful opponents at the Commercial House.

LEMON CLUB DANCE

Was a Great Success—Hall Beautifully and Tastily Decorated.

The New Year's dance of the Lemon Club was held at the Lyceum last Monday evening. About 60 couples were present and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The spacious hall was beautifully decorated, and never looked prettier. A large red Christmas bell was hung in the center of the hall, which served as a center for the other decorations, which were evergreens and red strips of paper, and were strung from all parts of the hall to the bell.

The dancing started at 8:30 and occasionally there was a "twilight" dance, when the lights were turned low and colored lights flashed upon the dancers, presenting a beautiful spectacle. At midnight Miss Millicent Pattison served an excellent lunch, to which all did ample justice. After this pleasant intermission dancing was again in order, and it was nearly three o'clock when the party finally broke up. All were enthusiastic in their praise to the committee in charge, and especially to Fred Masse, who had charge of the decorating. Chadwick's orchestra furnished music in their usual fine style.

RECEIVE GIFT.

Smethport Fire Department Receives Billiard Table from Scott Redfield.

At the last meeting of the Smethport Fire Department Scott F. Redfield offered the department a billiard table which is in fine condition, to be placed in the hose rooms for the use of the members. This gift was accepted with thanks and as soon as a room can be fixed the table will be placed in position.

The council room at the east end of the building on the second floor, has been given up by the council for this purpose and they have taken the dining room on the first floor for their meeting room. The cloak-room will be taken out from the meeting room of the fire department and the partition at the end of the hall will also be removed and a door placed at that point. This will enlarge the present council room about four feet. When this room is fitted up it will make a very attractive room for our hose boys.

Mr. Redfield's gift is greatly appreciated by our fire laddies as they have long wanted some such source of amusement at their hose rooms.

HI SIGMA RHO DANCE.

Senior Fraternity of Smethport High School Holds Pleasant Dance at Lyceum.

The Hi Sigma Rho, the fraternity of the boys of the Senior class of the Smethport High School held a very enjoyable dance at the Lyceum last Friday evening. About 50 young couple were present and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music.

The hall was very prettily decorated with bunting and pennants. The dancing started at 9 o'clock and continued until 1, and the guests were unanimous in their expressions of pleasure, and in declaring the Hi Sigma Rho boys the best of hosts.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE HOLIDAY WEDDING BELLS RING MERRILY.

Three Young Couple Made Happy For Life.

BENEDICTS ALL SMETHPORT BOYS.

Ross K. Knapp of Rochester Married Dec. 27; John Digel, the 29th; and John O'Brien the 31st—Popular Young Couples.

Knapp-Bailey.

Mr. Ross Kenneth Knapp, son of Mrs. Margaret A. Knapp of Rochester, N. Y., formerly of this place, and Miss Emma Clifton Bailey of Boston, Mass., were united in marriage at Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday evening, December 27, 1910, at 7:30 o'clock, at Christ's Episcopal church, the pastor, Rev. Andrew J. Graham, performing the ceremony. The beautiful ring service of this church was used, and only the immediate relatives and a few friends were present. Mr. Herbert K. Lewis, nephew of the groom, acted as best man and Miss Olive Derleth served as bride's maid. After the ceremony an excellent wedding dinner was served at the home of the groom's mother and sisters at No. 10 Selo street, after which the happy couple went to their home, No. 67 So. Fitzhugh street, where they will board for the time being.

Mr. Knapp was born and had always lived in Smethport until about two years ago when he and his mother went to Rochester, where Mr. Knapp secured work. At present he is employed in the editorial department of the Daily Herald of that city, and is a newspaper writer of great ability. For years Mr. Knapp was an employee of this office. Of the bride we know nothing.

The Miner unites with his hosts of friends in this vicinity wishing them both a long and happy married life.

Digel-Wright.

Tuesday, December 29, 1910, at 4:30 p. m., Mr. John Digel and Miss Alice S. Wright, both of this borough, were united in marriage at the home of the groom's brother, Theodore Digel, at No. 188 West Main street, Bradford, Pa., Rev. W. G. Pryce of the Universalist church performing the ceremony. A wedding dinner was served and in the evening the happy young couple went to Olean where they visited friends and relatives until Friday, when the arrived in Smethport, and have since been receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

The groom is the youngest son of the late Mrs. Amelia Digel, and for several years past has been a valued and trusted employee of the Backus Novelty Co. The bride is the only daughter of Henry Wright of Keating township and for the past three years has been employed as dining room girl at the Hotel Imperial. She will continue her duties at this place till spring. They will board at the hotel and are at home to their many friends at room No. 22.

The Miner extends congratulations, with their hosts of friends in town, for a happy married life.

O'Brien-English.

Mr. John O'Brien of this borough and Miss Geniva English of Wellsboro, Pa., were united in marriage at Olean, N. Y., on Saturday, December 31, 1910.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien of this place, and has always lived here where he has many friends. For the past year he has been employed in Reynoldsville, Pa. The bride is a stranger to this place.

This young couple will reside in Port Allegany where the groom will engage in the glass business.

The Miner, with his hosts of friends unites in extending congratulations.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Lost.

A cameo watch charm. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to

A. B. WALKER,
Dec.5-1t Court House.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Mary Kleisath of Wilcox Died On New Year's Day.

Mrs. Mary Kleisath, aged 66 years, died at her home in Wilcox on Sunday, January 1, 1911, of a complication of ailments.

Mrs. Kleisath had been in feeble health for the past six months, but her condition was not considered serious until about two months ago when she was compelled to take to her bed. The doctors who had the case in charge where at first unable to diagnose the nature of her ailment, and for a long time doctored her for rheumatism. It finally developed that this aged lady was suffering from a cancer of the liver. She suffered quite acutely until death relieved her at 1:30 o'clock on Sunday.

Miss Mary Steinhauer was born and raised in Clermont. When 16 years of age, in 1861, she was united in marriage to John Kleisath, and they moved to Rasselas where they lived until about six years ago when they moved to Wilcox. They built for themselves a home and were getting their furniture moved in when Mr. Kleisath died. Mrs. Kleisath lived there until the time of her death.

She is survived by four sons, namely: Henry Kleisath of Irish Hollow; Michael Kleisath of Idaho; Louis Kleisath of Titusville, Pa.; and John Kleisath of Washington; and five daughters: Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mrs. Lottie Planer and Mrs. Emma Salle, all of Rasselas; Mrs. Agnes Quirk of Smethport, and Mrs. Helen Davis of Kane. She also is survived by two brothers and one sister: Louis Steinhauer of Farmers Valley, and John Steinhauer and Mrs. Josephine Meisel of Clermont, all of whom mourn the death of their kind and affectionate mother and sister.

The funeral services were held at the Catholic church in Rasselas yesterday afternoon. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery at that place.

Death of J. E. O'Conner.

J. E. O'Conner, of whose serious illness the Reporter mentioned last week, died at his home on the river road below the tannery last Sunday after a very brief illness from pneumonia. Though he had been suffering from a severe cold contracted several weeks previously. He was one of the newest members of Liberty Grange having assumed the degrees the week before his demise. He has been a resident of Port Allegany several years and was well liked by all who knew him. He was a good, honest man, therefore a desirable and a good citizen. He was fifty-eight years of age and since the writer has known him he has been a contractor and builder. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Cora E. Weatherbee of Roulette, and two sons, Paul and Dean, aged about eighteen and sixteen. His sudden demise was a great surprise to all of us, as well as his own family, but his system was weakened by the continued cold. The funeral was held from the Presbyterian church Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock and the interment was made in Fairview cemetery. The funeral was in charge of the Odd Fellows of which organization he was a member, affiliated with Olean lodge and which lodge contributed the burial expense, according to the general usage. The family has the Reporter's sincere sympathy in the loss of a good husband and father.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Mr. O'Conner was well known in Smethport and vicinity and his sudden death is deeply mourned by all who knew him.

A CITIZEN HONORED.

Henry Heilmann Made Member of National Indian War Veterans.

Henry Heilmann of this borough, who in his young manhood served in the army and protected the Western frontier and helped to open to civilization our glorious western country, has lately been admitted to membership in the National Indian War Veterans' association, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., with Henry Hegwer, National Commander, and C. R. Hauser, National secretary.

This organization is composed of ex-United States and Veteran soldiers, who in the early Frontier days fought back the Indians step by step, making it possible for hundreds of thousands of inhabitants to now enjoy what was gained by their struggles, hardships and sacrifices in the early Frontier days.

Subscribe for The Miner.

GLASS DEAL.

Thomas Kerwin Buying into Management at the Glass Factory.

To-day marks a new era in the doings at the Kerwin glass factory, whether for better or worse remains to be seen. It has been generally understood that there has been considerable friction between the W. O. Rice and T. Kerwin factions, of stockholders, and it reached a point this week when a proposition of buy or sell, at 50 cents on a dollar was put up. Kerwin deposited $8000 to cover Rice's holdings, but then Rice refused to sell unless his friends were allowed the same privilege. This necessitated about $4000 more, which was also posted, and notice given that the market would be open until noon today. Kerwin yesterday had gathered in 21,000 shares, which with his own will give him a majority, and several other sales were made this morning. Of course everybody is anxious to know what the change will mean. The glass situation isn't the best. A dispatch this week states that the indications are that all the independent window glass factories of the country will be compelled to shut down indefinitely, owing to the fact that no agreement was reached at a recent conference of the independent manufacturers and the workingmen, at Columbus, O. It is said that the local factory paid $13,000 to the Imperial concern last year, the "trust" that was recently dissolved, also it is asserted that W. O. Rice, as sales manager, received about $7,000. Their report at close of the season showed all indebtedness cleared and about $20,000 worth of glass on hand. These statements are current talk and, if true, 50 cents on a dollar looks a good investment for the majority holders.—Eldred Eagle.

B. S. BAYLE TALKS

At Meeting of State Educators in Harrisburg.

At the meeting of the State Educators held in Harrisburg last week, several county superintendents discussed and went on record as being against the enactment of section 1105, at the session of the county superintendents. The enactment as proposed is as follows:

"Before proceeding to the election of a county superintendent the commission shall determine and fix the salary or such superintendent for the ensuing term."

County Superintendent Bayle of this county spoke on this question as follows:

"In framing a code for the schools of Pennsylvania, next to providing free schools for all this children and fixing a standard of qualifications for teachers, stands the manner of selecting qualifications of and compensation for supervisors. It is a high compliment to the county superintendents of the state that the framers of the proposed code considered no change necessary in their manner of election or qualifications. The proposal to make the term four years instead of three is a move in the right direction. It will reduce the frequency of going through an election. It should for the same reason be made six years, to correspond with that of a school director."

ANNUAL MEETING.

Swedish American Republican League Meets in Mt. Jewett.

The 16th annual meeting of the Swedish American Republican League of McKean county was held at Mt. Jewett on Thursday, Dec. 29th. Every league in the county was represented with the exception of Ludlow and 26 delegates were in attendance, representing a membership of 650.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held and considerable discussion as to the best interests of the party was participated in by several of the members, and after careful deliberation it was decided to endorse the candidacy of John A. Peterson, the present incumbent of the commissioners office, for sheriff, and A. R. Anderson of Clermont was chosen and endorsed for the office of county commissioner. A tacit agreement was entered into that there should be no other candidate in the field from the League.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President Albert Peterson of Kane; vice president, Oscar Engstrom of Smethport treasurer, A. J. Nordstrom of Port Allegany; secretary, Carl Engstrom of Kane. The next annual meeting will be held in Mt. Jewett, as the most central location.

A MYSTERY

It Was Explained With a Happy Denoument

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

prefer the autumn for automobili-
. The country is then beautiful.
I am comparatively free from the
it of other autos. In these rides I
e to commune with nature and usu-
y go alone.

ne October I was riding through
beautiful hills of Vermont when
ning came upon me in a thinly set-
l region, and I encountered a break-
n at the same time. I couldn't,
Joshua, turn the sun back in its
rse, and I saw at a glance that I
ldn't repair the break in my auto.
tunately near me was a house. It
s a queer looking structure built of
k and hexagonal in form. Leaving
auto beside the road where it was
led, with a light before and be-
l, I went to the house resolved if
itted to spend the night there.
re was not much encouragement
welcome for me since it was now
o dark and not a light was to be
at a single window.
reaching the premises, I went to
front door and beat on it with the
fashioned brass lion's head knock-
I failed to rouse any one. Then I
t around the house, looking for
ossible entrance. I found one
ugh a window the sash of which
been left unlocked. Entering, I
ck a match and saw that I was in
ouse furnished in colonial style.
a bed or bureau could have been
than a hundred years old. It was
ently the home when occupied of
ed and educated people.
ing upstairs, I found a bedroom
suited me with a four post bed-
and a broad open fireplace. A
box stood beside the latter, and
on had half a dozen logs burning
rly. Then, returning to my auto,
ok my lunch basket, which I al-
carried in case of necessity, con-
ing both meat and drink, and, re-
ed. There were lamps in the
e and dishes, but no eatables. I
of the dishes what few I needed,
e-upstairs, pulled a small table to
ire and ate my supper, washing it
n with a pint of wine.
ind been riding in the wind all day
was very sleepy. Instead of get-
into the bed on which there was
t was required for comfort, except
ts and pillowcases, I fell asleep in
chair. I don't know how long I
, but when I awoke the fire gave
only the glow of coals. Remem-
ring that I was alone in a deserted
e, I indistinctly looked about me
make sure that I was perfectly safe.
a wooden partition separating the
from another hung an untanned
, the head and shoulders of a
g girl, life size. There was some-
g about the eyes that arrested my
ation. By the imperfect light they
ed strange. In fact, they looked
human eyes inserted in a paper
re. I am not superstitious or
ous, but the uncanny effect star-
me. Throwing some light wood
he fire, I started a blaze, but when
me and I looked again at the pic-
the eyes were merely printed
up from my seat, went to them
seeing that they were paper,
w off my outer garments, lay
n on the bed and went to sleep.
e next morning I was awakened
hearing a sound as though some-
y had been set down outside my
Remembering the eyes on the
ure, I was somewhat curious at
happening. Getting up, I went to
door, opened it, and there at my
was a pitcher of hot water.
r mind went back at once to the
tales of my boyhood. I was
ly in the house of a magician, and
ped that the "princess" was there
Performing my ablutions, I put
oy-clothes and, opening the door,
t downstairs. The first room I
ed was the dining room, and what
my astonishment to find the table
for breakfast, with but one plate.
"Hello, fairy!" I called jocularly—
ys, I tried to call jocularly, but
d, and when the wall gave back
ound but that of my own voice I
ess I felt a very uncanny sensa-
Had I suffered some sudden
n trouble?
was rattled. The eyes I had seen
night before, the kitchen of hot
er, the breakfast table set—with
es only—had completely upset me.
termined to explore the house and
d right into the kitchen. I found
one, but a fire was lighted in the
e, and on it coffee was sputtering up
percolator. I went into all the
r rooms on the ground floor and,
ng no one, mounted the stairs to
ore the upper stories. There was
one in any room. In the garret I
d a locked door and couldn't ef-
an entrance, but it seemed to me
it was a storeroom. I returned
the room I had slept in. My heart
beating like a kettledrum. I push-
ed and tried to laugh at the odd-
of the situation, but it was no use.
t down in the chair in which I had
the night before and tried to re-
re myself that I was mentally
d. I don't remember how long I
in my room, perhaps fifteen or
ty minutes—when I heard a tap
the door and a sweet voice say:
"Breakfast is ready."

I made a dash for the door, opened it and looked—anywhere, everywhere. Not a sign of life.

But the odor of coffee, fresh made toast and broiled meat reassured me. I went down again into the dining room, and there on the breakfast table were beefsteak, fried potatoes, eggs—in short, a fine breakfast. I looked into the kitchen; there was no one there. I sat down to the table, poured out a cup of coffee, helped myself to the viands and ate my breakfast.

The first sip of coffee, the first mouthful of food, bracing me, as it did, made me feel more confident that I was not in a condition to be transferred to bedlam, and by the time I had finished my breakfast I felt sure there was some explanation of the mystery on other grounds than that I had lost my reason. "And yet," I argued, relapsing into doubt, "insane persons believe themselves of perfectly sound mind."

I arose from the table, went into a sitting room in the front of the house and looked out through a window. There was my auto standing beside the road just as I had left it the night before. The morning was bright, and I would have liked to lay a plan for its mending and a possible getting away, but would not do so on any account before having solved the mystery. I sat down in the sunshine, lit a cigar and began to plan—not the repairing of my auto, but a method of finding out whence came the attention I was receiving in this apparently unoccupied house.

I finally concluded that the only way to draw out the mysterious somebody who was ministering to my wants was to entrap him or her into a fancied security. I resolved to pretend to sleep. Taking up a book I found on a table, I began to read, nodding and starting up alternately till finally, as if overpowered by slumber, I began to breathe heavily and then to snore.

It wasn't long before I heard whisperings in the hall without. Then after a dead silence between my partly closed eyelids I saw a face peering through the doorway, which was but half open. It was the face of a girl. It was withdrawn, and the face of another girl appeared. Three of them in succession surveyed me with evident interest and satisfaction, to say nothing of merriment.

"Oho!" I exclaimed mentally. "There's mischief in the wind. Trust a girl for deviltry and three girls for three times as much or it as one. I have evidently fallen into the toils of a bevy of them, and they are having great fun at my expense."

I didn't bother myself as to how these girls came to be there. I contented myself with waiting and watching through my half closed eyes. A door behind me was opened, and presently I felt a tickling on the back of my neck. I knew at once that one of these girls was tossing me with a feather. I made a frantic grasp for what was intended for a bug, but snored on. The bug lighted on my cheek, another frantic clutch and another, my efforts to catch the insect becoming more and more ludicrous. At last I heard smothered laughter.

It is a law of nature that the more successful we are the more venturesome we become. Women who are most timid in beginning to take risks eventually become the most reckless plungers. Being young and fond of adventure, I was delighted with the turn the affair had taken. The more venturesome the girls the bolder I slept, the louder I snored. Then a girl tiptoed into the room and when I moved scurried out. Another, emboldened by the success of the first, did the same thing. Then I heard a whispering, catching but a few words—"Dare you to kiss him."

"Well, now," I remarked to myself, "this is getting interesting." And I snored loud enough to wake the dead.

Then one of the girls—wasn't she pretty, though!—stole into the room, evidently under quick control, the spirit of daredevil in her eyes, advanced, retreated, advanced again. I never slept so quietly in my life, though my heart was beating like a triphammer. Then she tiptoed around beside me, bent over me, straightened up, bent again, lowered her face to mine and lightly touched my lips with hers.

There was a frightful shriek as I infolded her tightly within my two arms and a whole chorus from those without. I rained kisses on her cheeks and on her lips. "Thanks for the night's lodging," I said, giving her a smack on her right cheek. "And this is for the hot water at my room, this for the breakfast." And so I expressed my gratitude for everything I had received and many things I hadn't received.

Well, the climax had come and passed. Every one came forward, and the oldest girl gave me an explanation. The house belonged to the father of one of them, who had inherited it from his great-grandfather and always kept it exactly as he had received it. In summer it was used by the family for a country residence. The night of my arrival the daughter of the owner had brought a party of her girl friends with provisions for spending a week end. They had found signs of some one within and finally ventured inside themselves, surveying me through the eyes of the picture which had been turned into peepholes for a former purpose. Then it had occurred to them to have their amusement in mystifying me.

Some young men—and a chaperon, of course—were expected during the day, and I was invited to make one of the party. I accepted and had the time of my life. I have since been there often and am extravagantly fond of the place. There is good reason for this. I met my wife there, gave her my first kiss there, courted her there and married her in the very room in which I kissed her.

A NARROW ESCAPE

It Is Effected For Another by an American Girl

By KATHLEEN J. M'CURDY

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Miss Helen Armstrong, an American girl, traveling between London and Paris, having crossed the channel from Dover, entered a railway compartment at Calais. There were two other persons in the compartment, both of whom got out at the first station. A man came along looking into the compartments and, seeing that there was plenty of room in the one occupied by Miss Armstrong, entered and settled himself in a seat. The guard closed and locked the door, and the train steamed on.

An hour would elapse before the train would stop again, during which the girl must remain locked in with a strange man. The train had not been five minutes away from the station when the man said in French:

"Mademoiselle, I'll trouble you for your clothes."

Helen understood French, but did not understand what he meant by asking for her clothes.

"I'll trouble you for your clothes," he repeated and at the same time began to divest himself of his coat. By this time Helen comprehended what was wanting.

"Monsieur," she said, "in my suit case on the rack you will find a costume. Can you not use that?"

"It will simplify matters very much," he replied. "I intended not only to put on your clothes, but to compel you to put on mine. In that case there would have been many chances more of the discovery of my identity through the discovery of yours. Pardon me, mademoiselle."

He reached for the suit case. Helen handed him the key, and, removing a dress, he proceeded to put it on over his own clothes. There was also a felt hat in the case with a veil about the crown. The man put on the hat and arranged the veil so that it could be pulled down over his face.

"There," he said as he leaned back in his seat. "I think I will do."

Instead of being hard featured, as would be supposed from his action, he was refined looking and spoke with a voice as well modulated as if he were asking a lady to dance. He was about thirty years old, his eyes were a mild blue and his hair of that very light hue which bespeaks northern physical heritage. He was not a Frenchman, for he spoke the language with a foreign accent. But whatever prepossessing there was about him was lost on Helen, who was burning with indignation. Gradually she gathered courage to say:

"You may kill me, but I shall inform the guard of this as soon as he comes again."

"I will not kill you, and you will not inform upon me."

She looked at him for an explanation.

"On the end of your suit case are the letters H. A., Cincinnati. That is a city, if I mistake not, of the United States. You Americans are all liberty loving. I am concealing myself not from justice, but from injustice. My life work is to make my country as free as America."

This put an entirely different construction on the matter. Where Helen had seen the expression of a criminal she now saw that of a martyr.

The nihilist understood no English, so he knew not a word of this dialogue except by the expression of the speakers. He knew by that of the father that the daughter had carried the day, but the old gentleman was trembling like a leaf.

The next morning the Moniteur contained an item stating that a Russian political prisoner who had been arrested in London and was being extradited had jumped off a train between Calais and Paris and escaped. He was tracked to a station where he was seen to board a train just starting. His follower took a rear car and endeavored to pick up the fugitive as he left the train, but the latter succeeded in eluding him.

When Mr. Armstrong read this at the breakfast table he turned pale.

"I must go to the American minister's at once," he said to his daughter, "confess and ask him to help us out of this dangerous position into which you have plunged us."

"Nonsense, papa. You'll do no such thing. The nihilist has gone. He took an early train."

"Did he wear the same clothes?"

"No; they were not big enough. He wore mamma's traveling suit."

"He did?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Nell, if I ever get you home I'll never be such a fool again! When he is arrested the dress will implicate the whole family."

But the fugitive was not arrested. He succeeded in reaching a Mediterranean port, where he found a vessel going to America, and got to that country in safety. Helen received a letter from him giving her full credit for having saved him from an imprisonment worse than death. "Without your clever management," he said, "I should surely have been taken."

"There, papa," said Helen after reading her father the letter; "you see how much distress you have saved a fellow being by your noble effort."

"Humph!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I hope the thing's over. They may get on to us yet."

Helen never forgot the look of gratitude the man gave her or the pressure of the hand as he grasped hers impulsively. Then he leaned back in his corner, where he could best prevent the incongruities of his costume from being seen.

"I see that your ticket is to Paris," she added. "I am going there. Do you remain there?"

"No, mademoiselle. I go to Marseilles, where I hope to get a ship to your country."

"That's right; America will harbor you."

When the train reached the next station the guard punched the tickets, while the nihilist pretended to doze in his corner. As soon as the two were again locked up and on their way Helen said:

"You can't leave the train at Paris in that costume. You would attract the attention of every one. Must you be disguised?"

"The Russian embassy at Paris has a list of all Russian political fugitives and keeps persons at all stations to note arrivals and departures. These detectives have my photograph and are instructed to procure my arrest."

"Then you must be carried. When we stop again I will telegraph my father to have an invalid's chair at the train on arrival and a carriage outside. You can slip into the chair from the car door and into the carriage from the chair. Where do you propose to go from the station—to the Marseilles train?"

"How can I do that in these ill fitting clothes?"

The girl turned her thoughts to devising further plans for her protege.

"I suppose I shall have to take you to our hotel with me. I don't know what father will say, or, rather, I do know. He'll say we'll all be arrested for complicity in some crime against the government. Well, I can't help it. I must make him do as I wish him to do. You'll never get through Paris without my assistance."

"Oh, mademoiselle, I have always heard that American women are wonderful, so superior to European women, much more self reliant. There is but one class who are more remarkable, our Russian revolutionist girls."

"For self immolation no women can equal them," replied Helen.

At the next station she telegraphed her father to have a chair at the train for an invalid friend, and when the train pulled up in the station she got out and found both the father and the chair on the platform. "Ask no questions yet," she whispered and without waiting for a reply directed the attendant to wheel the chair to the car door. The nihilist, holding on his covering as best he could, the veil concealing his features, stumbled into the chair and, apparently exhausted, was wheeled to the carriage. Helen got in after him, and her father followed.

"For heaven's sake, Nell," exclaimed the old gentleman, "what does this mean?"

"S-s-s-h, papa! I've got a live nihilist."

"A nihilist! Thank heaven you haven't got an anaconda. What are you going to do with the lady?"

"She isn't a lady, papa; she's a man."

"Thunder and guns! Are you going to send us all to Siberia?"

"No, but I'm going to send *him* to America."

"Oh, good gracious, Nell, you'll be the death of us before we get you home! I should have known better than to bring you."

"There's no danger whatever, my dear popsy. We've just escaped that by getting safely away from the station. We'll get a room for the gentleman at our hotel and can send him to the train tomorrow for Marseilles, whence he expects to sail for the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Unfit.

Cadger—Old Highroller has just been telling us about a time when he was shipwrecked and all the survivors but he were eaten by cannibals. Badger—Why didn't they eat him? Cadger—I don't know exactly, but I suspect there was a pure food commission on the island.—Lippincott's.

When the Press Was Restricted.

Many of the restrictions that hampered the influence of the press remained in force until the close of the eighteenth century in England. It was not till that period that newspapers obtained the right to criticise the policy of ministers and of the king. Mr. Walter, the first editor of the London Times, was prosecuted for censuring the Duke of York. He was sentenced to pay a fine of $250, stand in the pillory for an hour, be imprisoned for a year and give security for his good behavior for seven years. The order with regard to the pillory was canceled, but he had to serve his term in jail.

The Electric Fan.

Back in the early eighties Dr. S. S. Wheeler, an electrical engineer of New York, was experimenting with a small electric motor. In the course of his experiments the doctor conceived the idea that steamboats might be run with electricity if the propellers could be directly connected to high speed electric motors, doing away with all the gears then in use in steam propulsion. With this idea in mind he had a small screw propeller constructed and fastened it to the armature shaft of his small motor. To his surprise the experiment resulted in a fine breeze of cooling air which more than delighted the experimenter, for the day was decidedly hot. It is needless to add that the experiments with screw propellers ended right there, and the engineer took up the study of the electric fan, with the result that he soon perfected the device until it was a commercial success.

Bonnyclabber.

New drinks have sometimes a glorious and brief popularity. Lord Strafford, writing to Lord Cottington in 1635, extols "bonnyclabber," which he says "is the bravest, freshest drink you ever tasted. Your Spanish don would, on the heats of Madrid, hang his nose and shake his beard an hour over every sop he took of it and take it to be the drink of the gods all the while."

No one, however, seems to know the exact composition of the seductive "bonnyclabber," although from an allusion to it by Ben Jonson it would seem to have been a mixture of beer and buttermilk.—London Chronicle.

Willing to Divide.

Cobble—I should like to lend you that $10, old man, but I know how it would be if I did. It would end our friendship. Stone—Well, old chap, there has been a great deal of friendship between us. I think if you could make it five we might worry along on half as much.—Life.

The Fateful Message.

Hubby—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you? Wifey—I could not help it, Frank. She insisted on coming after she'd read your telegram.

Genuine benevolence is not stationary, but peripatetic. It goes about doing good.—Nevins.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

should include your stock as well as your family. Feed your animals on feed from Green's. They will not only appreciate it, but give you more efficient service for being well fed on the best of feed.

F. A. GREEN

Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

in good reliable companies

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait Enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

G. H. DENNING

MEAT

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty five and thirty payment life policies.

Age 21—$20.84 per thousand.
Age 35—$28.61 per thousand.
Age 50—$50.17 per thousand.

Ask for rates and guaranteed values.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"

C. A. BURDICK, Agt.

SMETHPORT PENN'A

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and social matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 31 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars.

Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna., 4746 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Brasted's

Finest in BAKERY Goods

Groceries and Confectionery.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

In Turning Over New Leaves

Be sure that some are the leaves of a Bank Book showing a deposit in this popular and strong Bank. Decide that the New Year shall find you among the thrifty ones who become independent through their own exertions, and who are not dependent upon others in time of need. Lay the foundation of a competence by starting an account today, and continue to make deposits with regularity every pay-day. Write for booklet.

Four Per Cent. And No Worry

Pittsburgh Bank for Savings

Fourth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,000,000.00.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1911.

Local and General.

—1911.

—Has that good resolution been broken yet?

—Wm. Mendsinger has a change of advertisement this week.

—According to the census Bradford has a population of 14,511.

—Architect E. F. Brickell of Bradford is drawing plans for the new plant of the Backus Novelty Co.

—Fry & Coles have a new advertisement in this issue which is very interesting.

—According to the census report Kane now has a population of 5,626; a gain of 1,230 in the past ten years.

—The L. V. Harris Hose Co. will have a cooked food and chop-chowder sale at the Odd Fellows Store Saturday, January 7, 1911, at 2:30 o'clock.

—The churches in this borough had their Christmas trees for the children, with appropriate exercises, on Friday and Saturday before Christmas.

—O. S. Gahagan of Mt. Jewett has been appointed postmaster of that place, to succeed Editor Swisher. Mr. Swisher did not apply for reappointment.

—At the Methodist Episcopal parsonage last Wednesday morning, Dec. 28, 1910, Rev. J. W. McGavern united in marriage Mr. Roy Z. Willoughby of Davis, Pa., and Miss Martha Truesdale of Simpson, Pa.

—The handsomest calendar of all is the one sent out by the National Stockman and Farmer, Pittsburg, Pa. It will be sent to any one who will send 10 cents to pay package and postage. Send for it.

—Saturday, Dec. 24, Edward O. Wood, an oil well shooter, was blown to pieces when a magazine containing 300 quarts of nitro-glycerine located in Paton Hollow, near Bradford, blew up. Mr. Wood is supposed to have been in the building.

—The insurance companies with whom the Wright House held fire insurance policies, have adjusted the loss caused by fire at that popular hostelry at $2,000. A large force of men are employed making repairs on the building.

—The city clerk of Jamestown was called upon Tuesday to issue a marriage license to a Fentonville couple, but owing to the disparity in ages he refused to grant the permit. The man in the case was said to be at least 70 years of age and was stooped and gray. The lady of his choice was a girl of sixteen summers. The old man became angry when refused the license but City Clerk Jones told him he would not issue a license to him if the girl was a hundred years old.

—Clothed in rags and living in wretched hovels, destitute of food and fuel, between forty and fifty families, including nearly two hundred young children, are reported to be in danger of actual death from starvation in the stone quary district near Sandusky, Ohio. They are the wives and children of quarrymen who have been out of work for months. The Salvation Army is arranging to send wagon loads of supplies to the suffering people.

—The Utica Press thinks it awful: Drink water, says the Press, and get typhoid fever. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jimjams. Drink soup and get fat. Eat meat and encourage cancer, apoplexy and congenital ills. Eat oysters and also catch typhoid gastric poisoning germs. Eat vegetables and give the system a subtle thin-blooded weakness. Eat dessert and die with parents of something else. Smoke cigarettes and die fast. Drink coffee and fall into the main amusement of procreation. Drink tea and get weak-hearted. Drink wine and get wan. You can take your choice.

—Olean, N. Y., has been presented with a magnificent Christmas gift, namely the sum of $50,000 for the purchase of a site and the erection of a hospital. The gift is from Mrs. Frank Sullivan Smith of Ansonia, wife of the president of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad. She gives the hospital as a memorial to her brother, the late Frank Higgins, ex-governor of New York state, who died in February, 1907. The institution is to be maintained by the people. It is probable that the Olean General hospital will be abandoned on the completion of the new building and its equipment transferred to the new one.

—The salting of sidewalks to melt off ice and snow is pronounced to be a very dangerous and unhealthy practice by physicians, it being forbidden by ordinances in most cities of the country. The putting down of salt converts the snow and ice into a slush that threatens health and the destruction of shoe leather, rubbers and the hoofs of horses. A physician of a nearby town speaking of the matter says that to sprinkle salt on the sidewalks over which many pedestrains passed each day was a common way to breed pneumonia and diphtheria germs, and it is also the opinion of physicians he he said, that when the salt adheres to to one's shoes and then they become saturated with the minerals the salt acts as a preservative of cold the same as it does the freezing ice cream. Once that salt has penetrated the soles of the shoes it is there to stay, and not only will it cause the wearer of the shoes much discomfort, but it lessens the life of the leather. There are dangerous walks in the place and it requires something to make the safe for pedestrains, but instead of using salt for that purpose, a little sand or ashes will have a much better and healthier effect. Where the walks have been treated with salt it is readily noticed by pedestrains and the wet snow resulting is traced half a block away, clinging to rubbers and leather shoes. The practice complained of should be prohibited here as it is elsewhere.

Knee Breeches.

There is still, we believe, hope for velvet and silk knee breeches, and for a host of other and minor improvements. The standard of least ridiculousness—which the Court Journal admits we set ourselves in matters of attire—will lead, not to greater somberness, but to a higher appreciation of art in relation to the clothing of the human form.—Men's Wear.

Salt in the Coffin.

To put salt in the coffin before it is lowered into the grave is the survival of an ancient custom which was once universal. The custom grew out of the idea that Satan hates salt because it is the symbol of incorruption and immortality.—New York American.

WONDERS OF LAVA

This Molten Rock Is a Most Peculiar Substance.

REDHOT SNOW SANDWICHES.

Curious Effect on Mount Vesuvius Produced by the Lava's Amazing Properties as a Nonconductor of Heat—Deadly Volcanic Ashes.

Vesuvius, the most famous volcano in the world, with its mighty vomitings of lava and dust, is guilty of many queer freaks. Mighty rainstorms have set in motion the lava dust, and lava cinders that lie on its sides, and torrents of muddy lava have overwhelmed towns and villages as it swept down to the sea. The resulting effect from this has been so great that it changed the face of the coast line by forming a new promontory.

Lava is one of the most curious of substances. It is simply rock melted by a heat so intense that it flows like thin gruel. When Vesuvius is in eruption thousands of tons of it are squirted up the "pipe" and out of the crater. As it flows out over the edge it soon cools and leaves a thick, ropy coating, which spreads over the entire countryside.

But it is only on the top that it really cools. A few inches below the surface of the lava is often red hot. Visitors are often invited to light their cigarettes in the chinks of a bed of lava that has been lying out in the open air for twenty years or more.

It is the most wonderful nonconductor of heat known. Borings made through some lava beds have shown that they are made up of layers of lava and layers of unmelted snow. As successive torrents of lava came pouring down the surface that lay on the snow cooled at once, and the surface open to the air also cooled at once. But between the two surfaces there was blazing heat; so if you bored down through some lava beds you would find a cool upper surface, a redhot inside, a cool layer, snow, a cool layer, a redhot one, a cool one and then snow again.

In fact, a layer of lava will let neither heat nor cold through. If you built a house entirely of lava on a scorching summer day you would still have ice cold drinks when there was snow outside. If you built it in the winter ice would form in your parlor in July.

This clearly demonstrates what an extraordinary nonconductor lava is.

There is, indeed, on the slopes of Vesuvius a little lava hut into which summer visitors put bottles of wine to get them chilled.

When a volcano throws its lava out with such tremendous force that it jets high into the air it very often falls in the form of dust, owing to the explosive power of the high-pressure steam that sparts out with it. It bursts into a fine spray and falls as dust dust far finer than any other dust known.

It is so fine, indeed, that sometimes years of it are found in strata. When the bishop Liberi was made of Krakatoa blew itself nearly in twain in 1883 with a tremendous sound of gunnadding that startled windows hundreds of miles away the lava dust was so thick in the air that for hundreds of miles round the day was as black as night. Volumes of infinitely fine dust sailed round and round the earth in the upper atmosphere and made England's sunsets of that year unusually splendid. It was three years before the upper air became quite clear again.

Lava dust has the same properties as lava. Shepherds on the slopes of Vesuvius sprinkle patches of snow in the winter with lava dust so that they may have it when the scorching days of summer arrive.

It was lava dust turned to mud by torrents of rain such as usually come with volcanic outbursts, that, nearly 2,000 years ago, destroyed the famous pleasure city of Herculaneum, and it was showers of volcanic ashes that overwhelmed Pompeii. Herculaneum still lies nearly forty-yards from the open air.

There are rivers of lava mud that are blotting out towns and villages now.

A curious point has always been noticed when Vesuvius is in eruption, and that is the strong odor of washing day that hangs around the mountain.

One might wonder why the slopes of such a mountain are so thickly populated when there is always danger of eruptions and of avalanches of lava mud. Well, the reason is that volcanic soil is always very fertile. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from Vesuvian vineyards, and people are ready to take the risks.—London American.

Putting Him on His Mettle.

"The doctor says you have but an hour to live."

"Give me pen and paper," said the dying man feebly.

"To make your will?"

"No; I am going to give the doctor my note for thirty days. He will have to keep me alive at least that long to collect it."—Judge.

Helps Trade.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Sure. It boosts my business."

"How so?"

"I'm a divorce court lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.—Emerson.

A Christmas Stocking

It Brought an Unexpected Message of Good Cheer

By LUCY K. WYNKOOP

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

De children is gittin' big enough to understand about Christmas now, and I reckon we better git some toys for 'em. Tommy is five yea's old, and Pinkey is nearly four. De gen'lemun what visit de house las' month gib me some money fo' takin' keer ob his horse, and we kin spend it fo' a fust class Christmas."

"And de lady what was wid him gib me money fo' washin' some lace clothes. We kin hab a fine Christmas this yea', Missy Alice dem 'cose me she gwin' gib us a turkey."

This conversation occurred between Ben and his wife, Sue, a young couple who were slaves on a plantation in Virginia. The time was a week before Christmas, and preparations were being made both by the whites and by the colored people to celebrate the day. From that moment Ben and Sue spent all the time they were allowed for themselves planning to give their children the first Christmas they had ever known or at least could appreciate. The last Christmas little Tom was ill, and his father and mother were hourly expecting him to be taken away from them by death. That he had been spared to them and was now in good health added zest to their preparations to make the coming celebration the Christmas of their lives. Ben secured a rocking horse for Tommy up and smuggled it into the cabin when the children were asleep. Sue bought a doll with a fine china head for Pinkey and made the clothes for it herself. Besides the gift of the turkey, a lady living on a neighboring plantation gave them a whole mince pie for their Christmas dinner. A few little things might be expected from the church.

Every night when Ben came home from work Tommy would run out to meet him and the father would take his child up in his arms and say:

"Christmas comin', honey."

"What's Kistmus?" the boy would ask with shining eyes, knowing that it was something enjoyable, but ignorant of its nature.

"Christmas is de day de blessed Lord was bo'n. Fust yo' wake up in de

WILL JONES

"I HAVE BOUGHT TOMMY."

mawnin' and holler 'Merry Christmas, pop! Merry Christmas, mom! Merry Christmas, Pinkey!' and we all holler 'Merry Christmas!' to you. Den we go to de stockin's hangin' to de chimbley and see what Santa Clause brung fo' de chil'en. And we take 'em out and gib yo' yours and Pinkey hers. Den we hab a fine dinner ob turkey and stuffin' in it and mince pie, and yo' chil'en play wid yo' toys all day. Won't dat be fine?"

And the boy would share his gratification by tightening his arms about his father's neck and covering his face with kisses.

The preparations went on and the anticipations continued to rise till the day before Christmas. Then Ben surprised Sue by coming to the cabin an hour earlier than usual, and the moment she looked at him she knew that something terrible had happened. His face had taken on that sickly hue which in the colored race corresponds to pallor in the whites. He came in and threw himself face down on the bed.

"Oh, Ben," cried his wife, "what is it?"

There was no reply.

"Tell me, Ben! Do tell me what's de matter."

"Tommy's sold."

The mother dropped as if she had been shot. Ben had been told the news by his master and sent home to break it to the wife and mother. Colonel Torrance, the planter, had for sometime intended to get rid of some of the children he owned. He had no idea of doing so at this Christmas season, but a trader had come along, had made an offer of $300 for Tommy, and his master had concluded to accept it.

The southern gentleman planter was usually a kind man, whose slaves were fond of him. But a slave was a chattel representing a certain sum of money, and a thrifty owner would naturally make the most of his capital. Colonel Thomas was one of this class. He disliked to separate families, but under the system of slavery it at times became to his interest to do so. And what was his interest he considered his duty to himself and his family.

Ben, hearing his wife fall, sprang up and took her limp body in his arms and held it on the bed. Just as she came to herself the children toddled into the room and Tommy, seeing that something was the matter, began to cry. This started his sister. The two went to the mother, who, seeing her boy, arose and with a moan took him in her arms.

"Oh, what a Christmas eve!" wailed the father.

There was a rap at the door.

"Don't come in, Beah!" cried the mother fiercely. "Yo' shan't take ma boy! I'll kill him befo' I'll let him be taken away from his mother!"

Nevertheless, the door was opened. The face of a young girl appeared.

"What do you mean, Sue? I haven't come to take your boy. I've come to bring you the turkey for Christmas. Here it is." And she held up a four pound bird.

"Oh, Missy Alice," said the father, "we don't want no turkey. Dey ain't no Christmas fo' us. De Lawd hab struck us down. Mars' done sold Tommy to a trader, and de trader gwine take him down souf. Take de turkey away, Missy Alice. We ain't got no use fo' it."

The visitor, Alice Wharton, was a girl of twenty, whose face bespoke the kindliness of her nature. But over kindliness triumphed indignation.

"It is brutal!" she exclaimed.

The mother continued to moan. Several times Alice essayed to speak words of comfort, but her lips refused to say what was untrue. There was no comfort for her to speak. Colonel Torrance prided himself upon his strength of will to do whatever he considered it to be his duty. He had had such unpleasant episodes in his life before and had never shrunk from carrying out his plans. Alice took the hand of the father in one of hers, the mother's hand in the other, pressed them, and with the words, "God help you," turned and left the cabin.

It was as Ben had said, only a melancholy Christmas eve. Little Tommy was put to bed early, his mother lying beside him. On the narrow bed would pass out of their lives.

It was near midnight when there came a rap at the door. Ben arose and opened it. A boy stood in the opening, but he was as black as the night and consequently invisible. Ben heard a voice say:

"Missy Alice tole me to tote yo' de stockin' fo' to hang up on de chimbley. She say she done tole Santa Claus to bring some in also fo' Tommy."

Ben felt a stocking shoved into his hand, heard the departing footsteps, closed the door, hung up the stocking and returned to bed.

When it began to be light Tommy, who did not know that anything had occurred to interfere with Christmas, shouted:

"Merry Christmas, pop! Merry Christmas, mom! Merry Christmas, Pinkey!"

The only reply he received from his parents was a sigh. They lay for a while, dreading to get up. It was Christmas day, but the day as well that their little boy was to be taken from them. Finally Ben, heard by the children, arose and uncovered Tommy's stocking legs and Pinkey's doll. He glanced at the stocking Miss Wharton had sent, but, seeing that it gave no more sign of contents than when he had hung it up the night before, paid no further attention to it. But Sue, with a woman's inclination for investigation in such matters, took it down, put her hand into it and pulled out a bit of paper. This she opened, and on it in large printed letters that she and Ben could read was written:

Merry Christmas! I have bought Tommy. ALICE WHARTON.

The father and mother looked at each other for a moment before the full meaning of the words penetrated their brains; then, taking the two children in their arms, all were united in a single embrace.

In a twinkling all was changed. Miss Wharton now being the owner of Tommy, his parents knew well that he would never be separated from them. The girl was beloved by the colored people, both her father's slaves and those on other plantations, for she devoted all her time to ministering to them. She had a little money of her own, and as soon as she knew of Tommy's sale went to the trader, offered him a good profit on his purchase, it was accepted, and the boy passed into her ownership.

As soon as Ben and Sue felt assured that Miss Wharton had arisen they started for her home to hear the good news from her lips and thank her for having been the means of sparing them a suffering worse than their child's death. She met them with a smile not less happy than their own. Ben tried to speak his thanks, but failed. Sue then tried, but did not get very far before she broke down in tears.

And so it was that the Christmas which came so near being a day of agony was saved to this humble family by an angel of mercy. The children enjoyed the toys and the turkey and the mince pie. But there was in their parents that which did not come of several things, for theirs was a great comfort of the soul. That which they held most dear had been taken on Christmas eve and returned on Christmas morning.

Tommy remained for several years with his mother, it being his owner's intention to give him free papers as soon as he was of an age to take care of himself. But before that time came around a great change had come over the colored people of the south. It was reserved for another to give Tommy his freedom. Abraham Lincoln one day wrote his name, and all the slaves were free.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EA

The chances are w have it

And we would appr ciate your trade

And strive to pleas you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Groc Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIP OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

Good Groceries

We hold on C. O. D. by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISI

Hamlin Bank & Trust

SMETHPORT, PENN

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking count or your deposit interest.

¶ Our form of Deposi very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMA

to receive our careful at tion.

¶ We offer all induce ments practical with con servative banking.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. MACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1911.

Monday, Jan. 2, John A. Dix was inaugurated governor of New York state at Albany. He is the first Democratic governor of New York in 16 years.

In Republican caucus Monday night the G. O. P. legislators gave Hon. George T. Oliver of Pittsburg, a practically unanimous nomination to succeed himself as United States senator from Pennsylvania.

Arch Hoxsey, the great American aviator who on Monday, Dec. 26, in a Wright biplane, went 11,474 feet in the air thereby breaking the world's record for high flying, on Saturday afternoon, at Los Angeles, when 300 feet in the air fell and was instantly killed. His body was cremated in Pasadena, Ca., Tuesday morning.

The year 1910 was a notable one for the number and importance of its losses. Halley's comet lost its tail; the Republican elephant lost its bearings; the science of aviation increased its losses of life; armies of strikers lost much time; investors in get-rich-quick concerns lost vast sums of cash; no public lost confidence in Ballinger; T. Roosevelt lost his standing as successful vote-getter; Dr. Cook lost his standing as a discoverer; W. H. Jerry lost a gubernatorial prize; Portugal lost its king; the planet Mars as an astronomical object lost its canals; many chauffeurs lost control of their automobiles; Joe Cannon lost his chance to succeed himself as speaker; the new tariff law lost the commendation of many political sooth-sayers and much sleep was lost by grafters, ousted financiers and others of their kind owing to investigations and law suits.—Bradford Era.

A special from Harrisburg dated Jan. 3, says: The two Democratic members of the house from McKean county jumped the traces today and voted for Dearborn, fusionist, for speaker of the house. In the Democratic caucus they voted for George V. Guthrie for United States senator, and then voted against a motion to make the action of the caucus binding. The proposed combine of Democrats, Keystone and other soft heads has gone to pieces and it will be a scramble between them to get in on the ground floor for good committee places. The Republican majority will resit them all with very scant courtesy.

One would think from the article in the Port Allegany Reporter that the County Superintendency of Schools was nothing more than a "prize package" held up before the principles of the various schools of this county as an incentive to doing their duty in connection with their positions, and that about all there was to the office was drawing the salary until someone else thought he merited the position. However, if the Reporter was a little better acquainted with the duties of this office it would discover that it is by all means the most important office in the county and one which should be filled by the most capable men in the teaching profession. Of course changes have to be made; but we do not believe in making those changes any oftener than necessary. In other words we do not believe in turning out a superintendent of schools for no other reason than because some one else wants the job. If a superintendent gets lazy and stale or reaches that point where he no longer puts life and energy in the schools then it is time for a change, but Mr. Bayle is far from reaching that stage and therefore we firmly believe he should be re-elected. The Reporter thinks that there is less unity of action on the part of the teachers and directors of McKean county than when he assumed this office six years ago, or within any time in twenty years." This statement is simply ridiculous, as anyone who keeps in touch with the condition of the schools cannot help seeing. For instance look at the institutes, both local and county; the directors meetings; the round table meetings; and the general progress of the scholars in all our schools. This is the first time anyone has had the hardihood to make such a statement and we do not think even its author believes that the schools of this county have not advanced at least fifty per cent. in the past twenty years. And no one can truthfully say that Mr. Bayle has not contributed as much toward this advancement (considering the length of time he has been in office) as any of his predecessors. The proof of the unity among the directors will be given in May when they elect a superintendent of schools.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Chas. Bush was a Kane visitor this week.

D. M. Cooper was a Buffalo visitor this week.

Paul D. Hamlin left Tuesday for New York City.

Miss Hazel Green, was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Harold Day was a business visitor in Bradford Thursday.

Miss Grace Hellmann is visiting friends in St. Marys, Pa.

Mrs. Anna Stark, spent Sunday with relatives in Kasson.

Miss Ada Calkins passed the holidays with friends in Erie.

Miss Rose Curtiss spent the forepart of the week in Eldred.

Ed. Studholm is attending a fruit growers convention in Rochester.

Miss Carrie McGowan left for her home in Port Allegany, Tuesday.

Miss Katherine Mayo was the guest of Coudersport friends on Saturday.

Frank Vossler of Olean was the guest of his Uncle, T. F. Schlosser.

Miss Anna Berry of Kane is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Leo Herzog.

Miss Sylvia E. Lawrence was a busines visitor in Eldred Wednesday.

Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean was the guest of relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studholm are visiting in Rochester and Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Anna Fay of Buffalo has been spending her vacation here with home folks.

Miss Iva Holder returned home Tuesday from a short visit with Kane friends.

Miss Byrdia McIntyre of Nansen was the guest of Mrs. W. B. Hopper, Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern and two children were Bradford visitors last Friday.

Llewellyn L. Stillwell of this office passed the holidays with friends in Roulette.

Miss Cora Erhart of Buffalo spent her holidays with relatives in Crosby and Smethport.

James McGowan left Monday for Meadville to resume his studies in Allegany College.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Backus were Buffalo visitors this week.

Miss Viola Badger returned home Saturday evening from a visit with relatives in Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon A. Moody of North Baltimore, Ohio, visited friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity during the holidays.

Miss Marie Purtle returned home last Thursday evening from a visit with friends in St. Marys.

Mrs. L. Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was the guest of her daughter Mrs. W. B. Hopper last week.

Miss Martha Chadwick of Canisteo, N. Y. is visiting at the home of her father, Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Prof. and Mrs. Stanley Bright returned from Newcastle, Pa., Monday, where they spent the holidays.

Donovan Bell, who has been spending his holidays with his parents, returned to Chestnut Hill, Pa., Tuesday.

Howard Denning of Ticonderoga, N. Y., spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Denning.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brown of Erie, Pa., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus the first of this week.

S. E. Bell returned home Wednesday evening from Harrisburg where he attended the opening of the legislature.

Mrs. N. M. Allen and daughter, Frances, of Port Allegany were guests of relatives here a few days last week.

Shirley Rose who has been a guest at the home of C. W. Freeman returned to his home in Canisteo, N. Y., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ives and two children of Kane are visiting with their parents Mr. and Mrs. George A. Denning.

Thomas Clark returned last Monday from Clinton, N. Y. where he had been to attend the funeral of his mother.

Miss Bertha Johnson and John Engstrom of Jamestown, N. Y. were the guests of relatives and friends in town this week.

Miss Chrystel Comes returned Monday from Lyndonville, N. Y. where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy and granddaughter, Miss Grace Olmstead, passed the holidays with friends and relatives in Erie.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son John, of Bradford, visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Abbey of East Smethport last week.

Earl Potter Hafner of the Mt. Jewett News was visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hartmeyer has returned to their home in Buffalo, after spending the holidays with relatives and friends in this place.

Walter Digel of Olean spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Digel of Farmers Valley, and has returned to Westbrook College.

Mrs. Frances Knapp and daughter, Marguerite, returned home today from Bradford where they have been the guests of relatives for the past week.

Miss Bertha Patterson passed the holidays with her parents in Farmers Valley, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Patterson, and has returned to the Westbrook school.

Miss Margaret Curtiss one of our efficient High School instructors returned from New Castle, Pa., Monday, where she spent the holidays with relatives.

Superintendent B. S. Bayle and F. D. Gallup have returned from Harrisburg where they attended the meeting of the State Educational association last week.

T. T. Allen, former principal of our schools, was renewing old acquaintances in town last week. He is now superintendent of the Franklin, Pa. schools.

Everett Chadwick who is a student of the Buffalo Medical University, of Buffalo, N. Y. left Monday to resume his work, after a two weeks visit at his home in this place.

Henry Kielsath, Mr. and Mrs. James Quirk, Elmer Quirk, Michael Hungerford and Louis Steinhauer attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Kielsath at Rasselas yesterday.

Ed. Glavin, Walter Apple, Frederick Specht and Donald Hogarth who have been spending Christmas vacation with their parents in this borough, returned to State College, Tuesday.

Miss Theo Gifford of Williamsport, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gifford, of Mill street.

A. Weimer and daughter of Philadelphia were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin Christmas week.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

When Congress meets on January 5, there will remain about fifty working days for the transaction of a great deal of important business. Although the short session has followed a congressional election which wrought the many political changes, affecting many personal fortunes and changing the control of the House of Representatives, the House, as a rule gives itself up almost entirely to discussion of business questions, and little or nothing, as the days went by, was heard of marked political differences in either House.

There will very likely be a large influx here of office seekers besieging the new members elect of the House when the Democrats hold their caucus on January 19. From the southern states they have already given notice of their aspirations an unusual number of candidates for the four elective offices to be chosen by the caucus, Clerk, Sergeant-at-arms, Doorkeeper and Postmaster. As the northern Democratic membership of the House it stands to reason that an equitable division of the spoils must be according to them. When the Democrats last had the house in fifty-third Congress the Clerk was James Kerr, of Pennsylvania; Sergeant-at arms, Herman Snow, of Illinois, Doorkeeper, A. B. Hurt, of Mississippi, and Postmaster, Lycurgus W. Dalton, of Indiana.

The National River and Harbour Congress, whose campaign of education for a comprehensive policy on the part of the Federal government towards the waterways of the country has bore such splendid results in the way of bringing the people to realize the absolute necessity of making the rivers do their share of the transporting of the products of the Nation, invites every business man and every professional man to join its membership. The farming communities of the country are as vitally interested in the cheapening of freight rates as the great industrial centers and to bring home to congress the crying needs for an annual river and harbor bill and to emphasize upon the congressional minds that the people are aroused over this matter, the propaganda which the National River and Harbor Congress began ten or more years ago, is to be continued with greater zeal than ever. Here is afforded an opportunity for the people of this company to help crystallize sentiment to the end that a yearly river and harbor bill will be as certain as the yearly appropriation for the Army, the Navy or the Postoffice.

The production of petroleum in this country continues to increase, according to the Geological survey. 182,134,274 barrels were produced last year; but there was a decline in the value from $129,079,184 to $128,248,783, the average price being for 1908, $0.723 in 1908, and $0.704 for 1909. California, Oklahoma and West Virginia materially increased their output, California ranking first among the states.

The use of fuel oil of the railroads of the United States increased last year from 16,889,070 to 19,939,394 barrels, an increase of 18 per cent.

By the omission last session of the Treasury Department to submit to the appropriations committees estates of expenditures for the next fiscal year included in the $33,000,000 public building bill, no money was made available for the object of the law. This fact has caused considerable annoyance among the more timid congressmen some consternation. But the remedy is not hard to find. The law has already been enacted authorizing the public building expenditures, and it remains only for any member interested to move at this session to include the amounts specified in the public bill of last session in the sundry civil appropriation bill.

AFTER SOLFERINO.

"The Gentleman in White" and the Idea of the Red Cross.

During the Italian war of 1859 young Jean Dunant was traveling in that country. After the battle of Solferino he visited the field, and, seeing the terrible sufferings of the wounded soldiers who lay around unattended, he, with the assistance of several peasant women, formed an ambulance service, with its headquarters in a little church at Castiglione. He helped with his own hands to bind up the wounds of Frenchmen, Italians and Austrians alike.

"They are all brothers," he said. "A wounded enemy is an enemy no longer." And he and his corps of helpers brought water and medicine and smoothed the pallets of straw and cheered the unfortunates and closed the eyes of the dead and performed the last kind offices for the dying. Dunant was regarded by the hundreds of wounded as a miracle of goodness—little less than an angel. "The gentleman in white" was the way in which the officers spoke of him as he moved around among the sick, his light clothing making him conspicuous on the field.

His experiences at Solferino, where he saw that the willing hands of a few untrained helpers actually saved many lives and comforted hundreds of others, inspired him with the grand idea of an organization—the Red Cross.—Christian Herald.

COSTLY DROP CURTAIN.

The One Meissonier Didn't Paint For a French Theater.

The enterprising manager of a theater called upon the famous French artist Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier on one occasion and asked him to paint a drop scene for a certain theater and name his own terms.

"You have seen my pictures, then?" asked Meissonier.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager, "but it is your name I want! It will draw crowds to my theater."

"And how large do you wish this curtain to be?" inquired the artist.

"Ah, well, we will say 15 by 18 meters."

Meissonier took up a pencil and proceeded to make a calculation. At last he looked up and said, with imperturbable gravity:

"I have calculated and find that my pictures are valued at $8,000 francs per meter. Your curtain, therefore, will cost you just 21,600,000 francs. But that is not all. It takes me twelve months to paint twenty-five centimeters of canvas. It will therefore take me just 250 years to finish your curtain. You should have come to me earlier, mon-sieur. I am too old for the undertaking now. Good morning."

Arabic Numerals.

An illustration of what mankind owes to the labor saving Arabic numerals compared with preceding forms of notation is shown in adding 1848 to 1848, the sum of which is expressed in only four figures, or 3696. Meanwhile in Roman characters we would have to denote 1848 with the capital letters MDCCCXLVIII. Repeating these letters explains why Cicero complained of the sweating toil of all addition. On that account Homer's total of Agamemnon's fleet is not the correct sum of the different contingents to it which he gives of the Grecian states. Herodotus is worse yet when he gives the total figures of Xerxes' army after enumerating the quota of the various nationalities which composed it. Likewise what a life insurance company would now do without Arabic numerals may be imagined.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Designer.

How Machinery Breathes.

An English writer on engineering subjects, Mervyn O'Gorman, calls attention to the fact that a piece of machinery, such as an automobile, laid aside after being used is in danger of internal rusting through a kind of respiration which affects cylinders, gear boxes, clutch chambers, interspaces in ball bearings, and so forth. Every inclosed air space "breathes" by drawing in air when a fall of temperature contracts its walls and expelling it when the walls expand through heat. The moisture introduced with the air is deposited in the cavities and may produce serious damage through rust. The popular belief that oil will protect the inaccessible parts of unused machinery is fallacious, since nearly all oils take up about 3 per cent of water in solution.

Acts of the Apostles.

The weight of testimony is in favor of St. Luke as the author of the Acts of the Apostles, though some respectable critics claim that the authorship is quite unknown. There are no sure data for determining the date of the Acts. Various dates have been ascribed. Some think that it was written about the year 80, while others hold that it could not have been written before the second century, about A. D. 125.—New York American.

A Hard Stunt.

"A man can do almost anything when he discovers that he must."

"Have you ever felt that you must get upstairs at 2 a. m. without waking your wife?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sensitive Child.

Uncle Gus—So this is the baby, eh? I used to look just like him at that age. What's he crying about now?

Niece Susie—Oh, Uncle Gus, he heard what you said.—Chicago News.

By desiring what is perfectly good we are part of the divine power against evil.—George Eliot.

SACKING A THEATER.

Tribulations of the Drama In New York In 1765.

Here is an account of the sacking of a theater in New York from the Gazette of May 3, 1765:

"The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and divers inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainments should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be tempted to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude.

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came, and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday trepanned. Death is his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house, carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

A Cautious Scot.

Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer, who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay. "Aye, aye," mused Andra after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Alberdeen, I'm thinkin'?" "Yes, my man," was the reply; "I'm bound for Aberdeen, a very wicked place, I'm told." "What micht ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as bad as a' that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words. "Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen." Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky reply: "See an' drive him north, chiel; haud him well to the north!"

He Got His Answer.

"They who ask unpleasant questions," said a senator, "mustn't be surprised if they get unpleasant answers. Yes, the interrogatory politician too often finds himself in the boots of Gobsa Golde.

"The aged Gobsa Golde was quarreling furiously with his young and beautiful wife.

"'Didn't you marry me for my money?' he yelled.

"Mrs. Gobsa Golde tossed her head.

"'Yes, of course I did,' she said, 'and if you weren't so stingy with it we'd never have a cross word.'"—Washington Post.

Steel and Iron.

Reaumur discovered the direct process of making steel in 1722, or thereabouts, by immersing malleable iron in a bath of cast iron. A steel manufactory is said to have been set up by

Sale of
SWEATER COATS
A Complete Line
All Kinds
All sizes
Too many
so we have decided to
CUT THE PRICE
Buy him a sweater coat fot a useful Xmas gift.
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

ONE MAN'S IDEA OF COMFORT.
may not be like another's, yet all are suited by the comfort which comes from wearing our shoes. They are made to fit the human foot, and they do it. At the same time they fill the most exacting requirements as regards style and elegance. Good wearing shoes, too. As to prices call and learn them.
ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

MARCHED AND MUNCHED.

The Soldiers Who Didn't Steal the Apples Ate Them.

A reprimand which takes the form of a joke is sometimes more effectual than a burst of anger. Such an example was furnished by a Confederate officer and described by T. O. Moore in his "Anecdotes of General Cleburne." The southern army, marching across the mountains of Georgia, had its supply trains cut off and was obliged to live upon the country.

Apples, chestnuts and persimmons were plenty, but the army had strict orders not to depredate upon private property. One day I was trudging along in the rear of General Granbury's brigade when I saw down the road General Cleburne sitting on the top rail of a fence, while below him lay five or six bushels of fine red apples. Near by stood a number of soldiers, who looked as mean as men could look.

General Granbury saluted General Cleburne, who remarked:

"I'm peddling apples today."

"How's that?"

"These gentlemen," pointing to the soldiers who had stolen the apples, "have been very kind. They have gathered apples for me and charged nothing. I'll give them to you and your men. Now get down and take one, and each of your men take one—only one, mind you—until all are gone."

The invitation was accepted, the men cheering for "Old Pat." When the apples were gone the general made each man who had stolen the apples carry a rail for a mile or two.

BATTLE WITH A BOG.

Redmire's Suction Tore the Leather Gaiters Off a Man's Legs.

Readers of "Lorna Doone" can never forget the terrible drowning of Carver in the bog. That death trap is still to be seen in the Exmoor country, and not long ago a valuable hunting horse was engulfed in the mire, and his rider barely escaped with his life. S. Baring Gould, who had a narrow escape from a similar bog, tells of it in his "Book of the West." The author was with an official from the ordnance survey, who was correcting the map of the country:

"In the dusk we lost our way and got into Redmire. It was winter, the bog was unusually wet, and we could scarcely trip from one stone to another. Six bullocks had been lost in that very spot during the year.

"All at once I sank above my waist, and was rapidly being sucked in farther. I called to my companion, but in the dark he could not see me. The water reached to my armpits. Happily I had with me a stout bamboo six feet long. I placed it athwart the surface and held my arms as far extended as possible. By quickly jerking my body I gradually lifted it, and then I threw myself forward as far as I could. Finally I managed to cast myself full length on the surface. The suction was so great that it tore the leather gaiters off my legs.

"For a quarter of an hour I lay stretched out, gasping, before I got breath enough to worm myself along to dry soil."

Benjamin Huntsman near Sheffield in 1740. It was about 1800, however, before steel fairly became the fashion. The greatest boost to the trade came from Bessemer in 1850.

Maids of Moods.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"

"We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental, and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburg Post.

LET THIS STORE HELP TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS HAPPY

—during our—

PRE-HOLIDAY SALE

This store can drive away your frowns and worries, with its immense assortment of the Holiday merchandise. For the prices we are quoting are not in the least burdensome. Come and see for your own satisfaction.

Don't put off your Christmas shopping until the last day, remember you only have two more shopping days before you Here's a list of a few of the many gifts on sale here.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Toilet Articles of all description, Jewelry, Books, Mufflers, Slippers, Shoes, Coats, Hats; Furs and a hundred other just such appropriate gifts, including a big line of Toys and Dolls.

MEN:

Be a SANTA CLAUS yourself and give your wife or sweetheart a silk petticoat for Christmas.

She will appreciate it and you will not regret it.

Find them here for $3.98 now, in black and colors, same as you usually pay $5.00 and $6.00 for.

Heatherbloom skirts too, but the price is less. Let us show you these.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

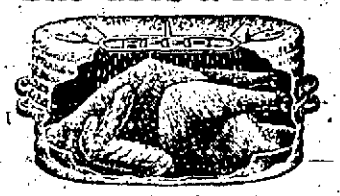
Be Economical Save Money on Meats

THE REED SELF-BASTING ENAMELED ROASTER

Will cut your meat bill in half

It is easy for the housewife to reduce living expenses if

She uses a Reed



Requires less heat, therefore less fuel. Fewer utensils required

For several articles may be cooked at the same time.

BETTER TAKE HEED AND BUY A REED

Daly & Garlick's

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 5, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The weather on Christmas day was beautiful.

—The borough schools opened Tuesday after a ten-day vacation.

—A. T. Palmer, the liveryman, is quite ill at his home on Water street.

—If you want a roaster go to Daly & Garlick's. See their advertisement to-day.

—F. H. Hungiville, the wholesale liquor dealer, has a new advertisement this week.

—Argument court will be held Tuesday, January 10, Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding.

—Ed. McGill of Turtle Point on Monday shipped a car load of dairy cows to Warsaw, N. Y.

—Miss Emogene McGowan entertained a few friends at five hundred last Thursday evening.

—The Odd Fellows band serenaded several business places Monday afternoon, and the music was much appreciated by our citizens.

—The rack for drying hose is being placed on the south side of the hose house. The work is being done by George Hyde.

—"Ike" Simons, the big double clothing house merchant of Bradford has a change of advertisement in this weeks Miner.

—Miss Viola Badger and Miss Alethia Pickersgill entertained the young ladies of the sewing club at the home of the former last evening.

—The First Division of the Travellers' Club will give a Military Euchre at Holder's Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 12th, at 8 o'clock. Tickets 35 cents. Mrs. A. B. Walker, Chairman.

—Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane of Kane was called here Wednesday to operate upon Jesse Witt for appendicitis. He was assisted by Dr. Burg Chadwick of this place. The patient is getting along nicely at present.

—The county commissioners on Monday made the following appointments for the ensuing year: Superintendent of the Poor Farm, J. C. Brenneman; county physician, W. A. Ostrander; Clerk o. Poor District, A. B. Walker; Janitor, S. G. Bush.

—Next Sunday morning at 10:30 at the Methodist Episcopal church the subject will be "Mutual Admonition and Inspiration Through Worship" The subject at the evening service at 7:30 will be "The Invitation and the Response."

—Word was received here yesterday morning that Fenton Whalen, chauffeur for Mr. W. L. Hammar, who is spending the winter in Texas was in some manner slightly injured while attending to his duties recently. No particulars have been received yet.

—Mrs. Buko Servatius, of No. 64 State street, was taken to the Bradford hospital last evening in Still's ambulance. She is suffering from an attack of appendicitis, says yesterday's Era, Mrs. Servatius has many friends her who hope for her speedy recovery.

—Kane has secured another industry, namely the Thissen Silk Fabric Co., manufacturing silk gloves, nettings, etc., and employing between 150 and 200 persons. The Smethport board of trade would do well to get after some of these concerns and try to land them here. With our abundance of gas, water and railroad facilities it would seem that some good permanent industry could be located if gone at in the right manner.

—David Bovaird of Bradford died suddenly at his home in that city last evening. Mr. Bovlard was in good health until yesterday afternoon when he was taken ill with acute indigestion and passed away at 11:45 last night. The deceased is survived by his widow, four sons: William J., of Independence, Kans.; Walter of Oklahoma; David of New York, and Joseph of Bradford, and two daughters: Mrs. Mary Downs and Mrs. Margaret Booth, both of Bradford.

—John D. Smith was the first depositor in the first postal savings bank opened in Pennsylvania at DuBois Tuesday. He deposited $1 for his 1-year-old son. A number of other fathers opened accounts for their children. The bank is under the direction of Postmaster John B. Hess and the clerk in charge is Andrew Morrow. Business was slow the first hour, only seven depositors appearing, but during the remainder of the day the increase was most marked. Many depositors were foreigners.

—The members of the Coryville grange, Coryville church and W. C. T. U. served a free dinner to 185 people on Christmas day at Stull's hall in Coryville It was a chicken dinner, with all the delicacies of the season, and was pronounced the finest ever served in that place. The hall was prettily decorated and in one end was a large Christmas tree for the children. The people of Coryville and vicinity are loud in their praise for the persons who had this large undertaking in charge.

—S. D. Leman, who has for the past two years has been manager of The Lindholm Co. store in this place, has resigned from his managership, his resignation taking effect the first of the year. During the time Mr. Leman has been connected with this store he has proven to be an expert in this line of business, and made many friends in town, who will be sorry to see him leave, but will wish him success in whatever line of business he enters. Mr. Lemen is as yet undecided as as to where he will locate.

—Monday the joint fire and city property committees of the city council of Bradford and the members of the Bradford fire department and the Volunteer Firemen's Association of Bradford held a reception in the new Central fire station, the Barbour street hose house and Hose 3 headquarters in East Bradford. This was the first public inspection of the new Central station and every one of the hundred visitors present were greatly pleased with it. After the inspection of this building the other three hose houses were visited, where all were loud in their praise of the home of the firefighters.

—The Travelers Club kept open house in their club rooms last Monday. Mrs. Studholm, Miss Choat and Mrs. J. W. Buoton were the committee of arrangements. The honorary members of the club acted as a reception committee, Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Mrs. B. F. Wright and Miss Scull being present, Mrs. E. F. Richmond and Mrs. B. L. Knapp unavoidable absent. Many guests attended and greatly enjoyed the occasion. Musical numbers were given by Miss Gleason, Mrs. Bouton, Mrs. Hungiville, Miss Hogarth, Mrs. Wells, Miss Wells, Mrs. J. Scott Walker, Miss Marion Gallup, the Club Song by Allan Morrison, Donald and Leona Hogarth. Punch was served. There will be a regular meeting of the club next Saturday.

—The Postal Department has made very important changes in their rules governing the delivering of registered mail. Heretofore it was impossible for a carrier to deliver registered mail to any person except the one to whom it was addressed. By the new ruling such mail can be delivered to "any responsible person" authorized to receive ordinary mail. By "responsible" persons is meant "adult members of the family, his employees in a clerical or supervisory capacity, the proprietor or manager of a private lodging house in which he resides, may be regarded as responsible persons to whom mail may be delivered in his absence. Those considered irresponsible are minors, janitors, laborers messengers, elevator boys and house servants not having writen orders for the same."

—The county commissioners met in their office in the court house at Smethport Saturday afternoon and elected Henry Linquist of Hazelhurst as mercantile appraiser. There were but three applications for that position—Mr. Lindquist, Albert Peterson, of Kane, and S. Lungberg, of Mt. Jewett. County Commissioner Devlin is absent on a western trip and it was the intention of Commissioners Peterson and Marsh to postpone the selection of a mercantile appraiser until his return. They were advised by their attorney, however, that the appointment should be made before the close of the present year and accordingly the election was held Saturday. It was understood that the other appointment of the commissioners will be held over until Mr. Devlin returns. —Star Record.

Shawmut To Enter Pittsburg.

A Butler dispatch says: "Temporary arrangements have been made by the officials of the Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern Railroad with the Western Allegany and the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad company for entrance into Pittsburg. A link will be built from a point opposite Mahoning on the Allegheny river, 20 miles north of Kittanning, to Brady's Bend, where connections will be made with the Western Allegany railroad. The distance is seven miles. The Western Allegany will be used to Queen's Junction, 12 miles north of here, and then the Bessemer will be used into Butler.

"Under an agreement with the Baltimore & Ohio trains will be operated into Pittsburg over that line from Butler, it is said, under the same conditions as the Bessemer enjoys. This plan will enable the Shawmut to gain an entrance into the Pittsburg district as soon as the section of the road from Brookville, Jefferson county, to Mahoning, the big bridge across the Allegheny river and the link to Brady's Bend are completed, which will probably be within a year."

BOLIVAR BREEZE INCORPORATED

Newspaper Property Will Be Conducted as a Stock Company After January 2, 1911.

The Bolivar Breeze publishing business has been incorporated and on January 2, the business will be turned over to the corporation. This move will for the present at least, make no change in the management or editorship of the Breeze. John P. Herrick, the founder and for 20 years owner and publisher of The Breeze simply desires to conduct The Breeze entirely separate and independent from his oil business and real estate agency and the corporation plan seems the best way. Hundreds of weekly newspapers are incorporated and the plan has proven very satisfactory.

The officers of the Bolivar Breeze incorporated, are John P. Herrick, President; Frank A. Herrick, Vice-President; N. Y. Herrick, Secretary and Treasurer. The Directors are John P. Herrick, N. Y. Herrick and Frank P. Herrick.—Bolivar Breeze.

MRS. CONNERS DEAD.

Aged Lady Dies at Home in Irish Hollow.

Mrs. Ellen Conners, aged 82 years, died at her home in Irish Hollow, near this borough, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, 1910, at 9:30 o'clock, with ailments incident to old age.

Mrs. Conners had lived in Irish Hollow for about 40 years and was well known in this place where she has been many times and made many friends who will deeply regret her taking away. Mr. Conners, her husband, preceded her to the great beyond about five years ago.

She is survived by one son, John Conners, who lived with his aged mother, and one sister, Mrs. Peter H. Connolly of this borough, who deeply mourn the loss of their loving mother.

Funeral services were held from St. Elizabeth's church Thursday morning at 10 o'clock and interment was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Baffled Science.

Science ... irrefutable problems and is powerless before apparently simple ones. She discovers steam power and electricity and bends the forces of nature to our needs. Nevertheless, she cannot yet tell why the acorn becomes an oak, why a stone falls to the ground. She is full of "whys" that remain unanswered.

Happiness as a Duty.

People are becoming more and more practical. We are all beginning to understand that the first duty of a man is to be happy.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on February 15, 1911, or as soon thereafter as same may be heard, application will be made to the Board of Pardons of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, sitting at Harrisburg, by John Bevacqua, at present confined in the common jail of McKean County, serving sentence for the crime of illegal liquor selling, for a full pardon for such offense and release from confinement.

The reasons alleged in said application for pardon will be the insolvency of the applicant and inability to pay fine and costs, and the affliction of applicant with pulmonary tuberculosis and general unfitness from a health standpoint to serve jail sentence.

JOHN RUFFALO,
Attorney for Applicant.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Now !!

Don't Miss This

BIG SALE

of clothing for men and boys.

You save

From $5 to $10

By Buying now at

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Closet Shirts

Fry & Comes

Coats, Suits and Furs Must GO

This week we offer the balance of our Winter Coats, Suits and Furs at a reduction of 33⅓ per cent. from regular prices.

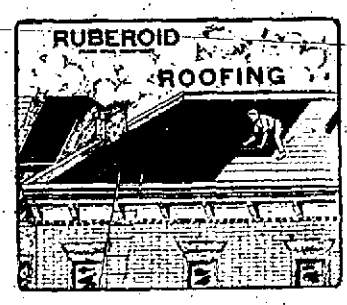
An opportunity to buy a garment with the Wooltex reputation and guarantee—"two season, satisfactory service"—at one third less than the regular sale price should be promptly taken and we anticipate a quick clearance.

There are no "left overs," every garment is of this seasons make.

Ladies Coats	$16.50 to $35	Now $11.00 to $23.33
Misses Coats	$7.75 to $16.50	Now $5.17 to $11.00
Skirts	$6.75 to $9.75	Now $4.50 to $6.50
Furs	$2.25 to $18.50	Now $1.50 to $12.33

FRY & COMES,

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1911.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to late to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and family.

Resolve to buy drugs and drug store goods at our store

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A GLAD NEW YEAR

It will be to those who have procured their fine table wines, liquors, cordials etc., at F. H. HUNGIVILLE'S. They will know that their wine closet or buffet is stocked with the best that is imported and that they can entertain their friends with the choicest from the sunny vineyards of France, Italy, Spain or Portugal, when it is secured from

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

The Sky-Man

By Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Kosser

Copyright, 1916, by The Curtis Pub. Co.
Copyright, 1916, by The Curtis Pub. Co.

CHAPTER V.

The Dart.

High, high up in the clear opaline air was a broad, golden gleam. Nearer it came, and broader it grew, and as it grew, and as it caught more fully the slanting beams of the low-hanging arctic sun, it shone with prismatic, iridescent color among the gold, like an archangel's wings. The shining thing towered at last right above the mast-head, but high, high up in the sky.

Then the four watchers uttered, in one breath, a horror-frozen cry, for, as a falcon does, it dropped, hurtling. But not to the destruction they foresaw; once more it darted forward, circled half round the yacht, so close to her rail that they heard the whining scream of the air as those mighty wings cleft through it. And then, as on the night before, his plans up standing straight, Cayley leaped backward, clear of them, and alighted on the floe beside the yacht.

Old Mr. Fanshaw walked quickly around the deckhouse and hailed the new arrival. "Won't you come aboard, sir?" Jeanne heard him call. "I'll send the dinghy for you."

"Thank you," they heard him answer. "There wasn't much room for alighting on the deck or I could have spared you the trouble."

Jeanne stole a glance into Tom Fanshaw's stern, set face, wondering if the tone and the inflection of that voice would impress him as it had her. "Don't you find it hard to believe that he could have done such a thing?" she asked; "a man with a voice like that?"

"I only wish I found it possible to believe he hasn't. Not every villain in this world looks and talks like a thief. If they did, life would be simpler." He paused a moment, then added: "And we know he did the other thing out there in the Philippines."

Her face paled a little at that, stiffened, somehow, and she did not answer. They sat silent, listening to the receding oars of the dinghy as it made for the ice-floe. Suddenly the girl saw an expression of perplexity come into Tom Fanshaw's face. "When you talked with him, Jeanne, last night, did you tell him our names? Miles and Cayley, I mean? Did you give him any hint who we were, or that we were people who might know him?"

"No, only my own; and who father was. He asked me about that."

"Ah," he said. "Then that accounts for his coming back."

She had hoped that in some way or other the trend of her answer might be in the sky-man's favor, and was disappointed at seeing that the reverse was true.

"It Was a Moment Before He Spoke."

She had to repress a sudden impulse of flight when they heard the returning dinghy scrape alongside the accommodation ladder. And even though she resisted it, she shrank back, nevertheless, into a corner behind Tom Fanshaw's chair. The old gentleman was waiting at the head of the ladder, blocking, with the bulk of his body, the new-comer's view of the deck and those who were waiting there until he should have fairly come aboard.

"Mr. Philip Cayley?" he inquired stiffly. "My name is Fanshaw, sir; and I think my son, who sits yonder—" he stepped aside and inclined his head a little in Tom's direction—"is, or was once, an acquaintance of yours." From her place in the background, Jeanne saw a look of perplexity—nothing more than that, she felt sure—come into Philip Cayley's face. The old gentleman's manner was certainly an extraordinary one in which to greet a total stranger, 500 miles away from human habitation. Cayley seemed to be wondering whether it represented anything more than the individual eccentricity of the old gentleman, or not.

Evidently he recognized Tom Fanshaw at once, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, seemed to make up his mind to overlook the singularity of his welcome. "I remember Lieutenant Fanshaw well," he said, smiling and speaking pleasantly enough, though the girl thought she heard an underlying note of hardness in his voice. "You were at the Point while I was there, weren't you? But it's many years since I've seen you."

At that he crossed the deck to where young Fanshaw was sitting, and held out his hand. Tom Fanshaw's hands remained clasped tightly on the two arms of his chair, and the stern lines of his face never relaxed, though he was looking straight into Cayley's eyes. "I remember you at the Point very well," he said, "but, unfortunately, there are some stories of your subsequent career which I remember altogether too well."

The girl did not need the sudden look of incandescent anger she saw in Philip Cayley's face to turn the sudden tide of her sympathy toward him. It was not for this old wrong of his that they had summoned him, as to a bar of justice, to the Aurora's deck, but to meet the accusation of the murder of Perry Hunter. Whether he was guilty of that murder, or not, this raking up of an old, unproved offense was a piece of unnecessary brutality. She could not understand how kind-hearted old Tom could have done such a thing. Thinking it over afterward, she was able to understand a little better.

From behind Tom's chair she could see how heavily this blow he dealt had told. For one instant Philip Cayley's sensitive face had shown a look of unspeakable pain. Then it stiffened into a mere mask—icy, disdainful.

It was a moment before he spoke. When he did, it was to her. "I don't know why this gentleman presumes to keep his seat," he said. "If it is as a precaution against a blow, perhaps, he need not let his prudence interfere with his courtesy."

"He has just met with an accident," she said quickly. "He can't stand—No, Tom. Sit still," and her hands upon his shoulders enforced the command.

Cayley bowed ever so slightly. "I suppose," he continued, "that since last night you also have heard the story, which this gentleman protests he remembers so much too well?"

"Yes," she said.

At that, he turned to old Mr. Fanshaw: "Will you tell me, sir," he asked, "for what purpose I was invited to come aboard this yacht?"

Tom spoke before his father could answer—spoke with a short, ugly laugh. "You weren't invited. You were, as the police say, 'wanted.'"

"Be quiet, Tom!" his father commanded. "That's not the way to talk to anybody."

Cayley's lips framed a faint, satirical smile; and again he bowed slowly. But he said nothing, and stood, waiting for the old gentleman to go on.

This Mr. Fanshaw seemed to find it rather difficult to do. At last, however, he appeared to find the words he wanted. "When Miss Fielding gave us an account, this morning, of the strange visitor she had received last night, we were—I was, at least—inclined to think she had been dreaming it without knowing it. To convince me that you were real and not a vision, she showed me a material and highly interesting souvenir of your call. It was an Eskimo throwing-stick, Mr. Cayley, such as the Alaskan and Siberian Indians use to throw darts and harpoons with. It happens that I've had a good deal of experience among those people, and that I know how deadly an implement it is."

He made a little pause there, and then looked up suddenly into Cayley's face. "And I imagine," he continued very slowly, "that you know that as well as I do."

Cayley made no answer at all, but if Mr. Fanshaw hoped to find with those shrewd eyes of his, any look of guilt or consternation in the pale face that confronted him, he was disappointed.

Suddenly, he turned to his son: "Where is that thing that Donovan brought aboard with him just now?" he asked.

The blood-stained dart lay on the deck beside Tom's chair. He picked it up and held it out toward his father, but the elder man, with a gesture, indicated to Cayley that he was to take it in his hand; then: "Jeanne, my dear," he asked, "will you fetch out from the cabin the stick which dropped from Mr. Cayley's belt last night?"

When she had departed on the errand, he spoke to Cayley: "You will observe that the butt of this dart is not notched, as it would have to be if it were shot from a bow."

He did not look at Cayley's face as he spoke, but at his hands. Could it be possible, he wondered, that those hands could hold the thing with that sinister brown stain upon it—the stain of Perry Hunter's blood—without trembling? They were steady enough, though, so far as he could see.

When Jeanne came out with the stick, he handed that to Cayley also. "You will notice," he said, "that that dart and the groove in this stick were evidently made for each other, Mr. Cayley."

The pupils of Jeanne's eyes dilated as she watched the accused man fit them together, and then balance the stick in his hand, as if trying to discover how it could be put to so deadly a use as Mr. Fanshaw had indicated. He seemed preoccupied by nothing more than a purely intellectual curiosity.

His coolness seemed to anger Mr. Fanshaw, as it had formerly angered his son. For a moment this sudden anger of his rendered him almost inarticulate. Then:

"We don't want a demonstration!" came like the explosions of a quick-fire gun. "And you have no need for trying experiments. You knew how nicely that dart would fit in the groove that was cut for it. You know, altogether too well, what the stain is that discolors it. You know where we found that dart. You're only surprised that it was ever found at all—it and the body of the man it slew."

"Everything you say is perfectly true," said Cayley, very quietly. "I am surprised that the body of the man was ever recovered. I'm a little surprised, also, that you should think, because this stick fell from my belt last night, and this dart, which you found transfixing a man's throat this morning—"

Tom Fanshaw interrupted him. His eyes were blazing with excitement. "It was not from us that you learned that that dart transfixed the murdered man's throat!" he cried.

"I knew it, nevertheless," said Cayley in that quiet voice, not looking toward the man he answered, but still keeping his eyes on old Mr. Fanshaw. "And also a little surprised," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "that you should think, because this stick and this dart fit together, that I am, necessarily, a murderer."

"You have admitted it now, at all events," Mr. Fanshaw replied. His voice grew quieter, too, as the intensity of his purpose steadied it. "I suppose that is because, upon this 'No-Man's-Land,' you are outside the pale of law and statute—beyond the jurisdiction of any court. I tell you this—I think we would be justified in giving you a trial and hanging you from that yard there. We will not do it. We will not even take you back to the states to prison. You may live outlaw here and enjoy, undisturbed, your freedom, such as it is, and your thoughts and your conscience, such as they must be. But if ever you try to return to the world of men—"

Cayley interrupted the threat before it was spoken: "I have no wish to return to the world of men," he said. "I wish the world were empty of men, as this part of it is, or as I thought it was. I abandoned mankind once before, but yesterday when I saw men here, I felt a stirring of the blood—the call of what was in my own veins, last night when I took to the air again, after the hour I had spent on that ice-floe yonder. I thought I wanted to come back to my own kind; wanted, in spite of the past, to be one of them again. Perhaps it is well that I should be rid of that delusion so quickly. I am rid of it, and I am rid of you—bloody, sodden, stupid, blind.

"Yet, with all my horror of you, my disdain of you, I should not expect one of you to do murder, without some sort of motive, some paltry hope of gain, upon the body of a stranger. It is of that that you accuse me—"

"A stranger!" Tom Fanshaw echoed. "Why, when you confess to so much, do you try to lie at the end? You can't think we don't know that the man you murdered was once your friend—or thought he was. God help him! Why try to make us believe that Perry Hunter was a stranger to you?"

The girl's wide eyes had never left Cayley's face since the moment of her return to the deck with the throwing-stick. Through it all—through Fanshaw's accusation, and the bad irony through those last words of Tom's, it had never changed. There had been contempt and anger in it, sustained by an iron self-control; no other emotions than those two, until the very end. Until the mention of that name—"Perry Hunter."

But at the sound of that name—just then, the girl saw his face go bloodless; not all at once, slowly, rather. And then after a little while he uttered a great sob; not of grief, but such a sob as both the Fanshaws had heard before, when, in battle or skirmish, a soft-nosed bullet smashes its way through some great, knotted nerve center. His hands went out in a convulsive gesture, both the stick and the dart which he held, falling from them, the stick at the girl's feet, the dart at his own. Then leaning back against the rail for support, he covered his face with his hands. At last, while they waited silently, he drew himself up straight and looked dazedly into her face.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the other two men, she crossed the deck to where he stood. "I'm perfectly sure, for my part, that you didn't do it; that you are not the murderer of Mr. Hunter. Won't you shake hands?"

He made no move to take hers, and though his eyes were turned upon her, he seemed to be looking through, rather than at her, so intense was his preoccupation.

Seeing that this was so, she laid her hand upon his forearm. "You didn't do it," she repeated, "but you know something about it, don't you? You saw it done, from a long way off—saw the murder, without knowing who its victim was."

"I might have saved him," he murmured brokenly, "if I had not hung aloft there too long, just out of curiosity; if they had been men to me instead of puppets. But when I guessed what their intent was, guessed that it was something sinister, it was done before I could interfere. I saw him going backwards over the brink of a fissure in the ice, tugging at a dart that was in his throat. And when they had gone—his murderers—"

"They?" she cried. "Was there more than one?"

"Yes," he said, "there was a party. There must have been ten or twelve at least. When they had gone I flew down and picked up that stick, which one of them had dropped—And to think I might have saved him!"

Her hand still rested on his arm. "I'm glad you told me," she said. She felt the arm stiffen suddenly at the sound of Tom Fanshaw's voice.

"Jeanne, take your hand away! Can you touch a man like that? Can you believe, the lies—" but there, with a peremptory gesture, his father silenced him.

But even he exclaimed at the girl's next action, for she stooped, picked up the blood stained dart which lay at Philip Cayley's feet, and handed it to him. "Throw it away, please"—she said, "overboard, and as far as you can."

Even before the other men cried out at his doing the thing she had asked him to, he hesitated and looked at her in some surprise.

Threw It Far Out Into the Water.

"Do it, please," she commanded; "I ask it seriously."

Tom Fanshaw started out of his chair; then, as an intolerable twinge from his ankle stopped him, he dropped back again. His father moved quickly forward, too, but checked himself, the surprise in his face giving way to curiosity. At a general thing, Jeanne Fielding knew what she was about.

Philip Cayley took the dart and threw it far out into the water.

There was one more surprise in store for the two Fanshaws. When Cayley, without a glance toward either of them, walked out on the upper landing of the accommodation ladder, the girl accompanied him, and, side by side with him, descended the little stairway, at whose foot the dinghy waited.

"You are still determined on that resolution of yours, are you, to abandon us all for the second time—all humankind, I mean? This latest accusation against you was so easily disproved."

"Disproved?" he questioned. "That beautiful faith of yours can't be called proof."

"I meant just what I said—disproved. They shall admit it when I go back on deck. Won't you—won't you give us a chance to disbelieve the old story, too?"

"I can never explain that now," he said; "can never lay that phantom, never in the world."

"I am sorry," she said holding out her hand to him. "I wish you'd give us a chance. Goodby."

This time he took the hand, bowed over it and pressed it lightly to his lips. Then, without any other farewell than that, he dropped down into dinghy and was rowed back to the floe—back to his wings.

When she returned to the deck she found that Mr. Fanshaw had gone around to the other side of it to see the sky-man take to the air.

But Tom sat, rigid, where he was. For the first time that she could remember, he was regarding her with open anger. "I knew," he said, "that you never liked Hunter, though I never could see why you should dislike him; and it didn't take two minutes to see that this man Cayley, with his wings and his romance, had fascinated you. But in spite of that, I thought you had a better sense of justice than you showed just now."

She flushed a little. "My sense of justice seems to be better than yours this morning, Tom," she answered quietly. Then she unslung her binoculars again and, turning her back upon him, gazed out shoreward.

"I am getting worried about our shore party," she remarked, as if by way of discontinuing the quarrel. "If there are ten or twelve men living there, in hiding from us, willing to do unprovoked murder, when they can with impunity—"

"So you believed that part of the story, too, did you?" Tom interrupted.

She did not answer his question at all, but turned her attention shoreward again.

A moment later she closed her binoculars with a snap, and walked around to the other side of the deck, where Mr. Fanshaw, leaning his elbows on the rail, was looking out across the ice-floe.

"Well," he asked briskly, as she came up and laid an affectionate arm across his shoulder, "I suppose you've been telling Tom why you did it—why you made Cayley throw that dart away, I mean; but you'll have to tell me, too. I can't figure it out. You had something in mind, I'm sure."

"I haven't been telling Tom," she said. "He doesn't seem in a very reasonable mood this morning. But I did have something in mind. I was proving that Mr. Cayley couldn't possibly be the man who had committed the murder."

"I suspected it was that," he said. "It's the stick that proves it really," she said. "You remember how puzzled you were because the end of it which you held in by wouldn't fit your hand? I discovered why that was when you sent me in to get it a short while ago. It's a left-handed stick. It fits the palm of your left hand perfectly. You'll find that that is so when you try it. And Mr. Cayley is right-handed."

The old man nodded rather dubiously. "Cayley may be ambidextrous, for anything you know," he objected.

She had her rejoinder ready: "But this stick, Uncle Jerry, dear, was made for a man who couldn't throw with his right hand, and Mr. Cayley can. He did it perfectly easily, and without suspecting at all why I wanted him to. Don't you see? Isn't it clear?"

"It's quite clear that the finality of this expedition are in that pretty head of yours," he said. "Yes, I think you're right." Then, after a pause, he added, with an enigmatical look at her: "Don't be too hard on Tom, my dear, because you see the circumstances are hard enough on him already."

She made a little gesture of impatience. "They're not half as hard on him as they are on Mr. Cayley."

"Oh, I don't know," the old gentleman answered. "Take it by and large, I should say that Cayley was playing in luck."

CHAPTER VI.

Tom's Confession.

At intervals during the day those enigmatical words of Mr. Fanshaw's recurred to the girl with the reflection that they wanted serious thinking over, at the first convenient opportunity. But the day wore away and the opportunity did not appear.

The captain of the yacht—his name was Warner—was on shore in command of the searching party, but the first officer, Mr. Scribe, remained on board. He was in possession of all the data, though they had not told him the story of Philip Cayley's old relation with the murdered man.

"It stands to reason," he said, "that the only party of white men that could be here would be the survivors of the Fielding expedition. We know from the news that young Mr. Fanshaw brought aboard that there is one such survivor here. If there were any considerable number of them left, able-bodied enough to walk across the glacier, we could be sure they'd be here on the shore waiting for us. We could be certain they would have made some attempt to signal us as soon as they sighted us.

"If they weren't white men, but Indians—Chucotes—they'd have been quite as glad as white men to get a chance to go back with us as far as St. Michaels. And in the third place, if they were not Chucotes, but some strange, unknown, murderous band of aborigines, there wouldn't have been even one survivor of the Fielding expedition."

"Of course that's not an absolute water-tight line of reasoning, but it seems to me there is a tremendous probability that it's right, and that this flying man has lost his wits."

By four o'clock they had decided that, whether or not the sky-man's story might be true, it was high time to send a relief party ashore to find the lost ones.

At five o'clock accordingly, the relief expedition went ashore, and Tom Fanshaw and the girl were left alone on the yacht.

Two hours later, perhaps, after they had eaten the supper which Jeanne had concocted in the galley, they sat, side by side, in their comfortable deck chairs, gazing out across the ice-floe. The evening was unusually mild, the thermometer showing only a degree or two below freezing, and here in the lee of the deckhouse they hardly needed their furs.

They had sat there in silence a long while. Tom's promise that they would keep a brisk lookout against a possible attack on the yacht, had passed utterly from both their minds. It was so still—so dead still; the world about them was so utterly empty as to make any thought of such an attack seem preposterous.

Finally the girl seemed to rouse herself from the train of thought that had preoccupied her mind, straightened up a little and turned for a look into her companion's face. But this little movement of her body failed to rouse him. His eyes did not turn to meet hers, but remained fixed on the far horizon.

A moment later she stretched out a hand and explored for his beneath the great white bear skin that covered him, found it and interlocked her fingers with his. At that, he pulled himself up, with a start, and abruptly withdrew his own from the contact.

She colored a little, and her brows knitted in perplexity. "What an old bear you are, Tom," she said. "What's the matter today? It's not a bit like you to sulk just because we disagree about something. We disagree all the time, but you've never been like this to me before."

"I always told you I was a sullen brute when things went wrong with me, although you never would believe it," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to be sorry," she told him; "I just want you to be a few shades more cheerful."

He seemed not to be able to give her what she wished, however, for he lapsed again into his moody abstraction. But after a few minutes more of silence, he turned upon her with a question that astonished her. "What did you do that for, just now?"

At first she was in doubt as to what act of hers, he referred to. "Do you mean my hand?" she asked, after looking at him in puzzled curiosity for a moment.

Locke.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Hoo

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bel Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Bradford.
State Senator—Frank M. Baldwin, As
Members of Assembly—R. W. Li Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jew
Sheriff—Wm. H. Murtland, Smethpo
Prothonotary—H. F. Stanley, Smethp
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank M. Foster, Sm port.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, S ford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Brad Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, E ford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adair, S ford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. Anders , Clermont; A. E. Cory, C ville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burd S. Hayes.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Sm port.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. Bliver, Secretary; J. W. Wells, M. Workley, G. H. Deuling, F. L. S Burns, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sisson.
Justices—M. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegr
Constable—G. H. Foote.
School Directors—L. C. Young, presid E. D. Gallup, Secretary; W. J. Bo Treasurer; John S. Eastman, H. H. Held, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Cor W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabia.
Inspectors of Election—M. T. Daly, R.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

McClure.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lo No. 368, meets on the sec and fourth Wednesday of month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory Deg first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd gree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, 275, meets the first and third Wednesda f each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patria
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Bryan Hive, No. 46, me in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres
USTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S meets first and Third Thursdays in ea month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday even in Hybler Hall.
J. W. PICKERSGILL, S
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. M Gavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth Le gue, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:3 Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, We nesday, 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, re tor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at m., except on first Sunday of ea month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smet port, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. D vine Services and Sunday School eve Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. T tany, pastor. Services at the Baptist chur every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Pra er meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesti Machinery, Grain Binders, Co Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fe ders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, C tivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMIN
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY AT TENDED TO BY AN EXPERI ENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASS
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Deale

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Pa ing Farms in 14 States. Strout New Monthly Bulletin of Re Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; wa your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Ph

nodded.

Why—because I was feeling a little lonesome, I suppose, and sort of der-hearted, and we'd been about quarreling all day, and I didn't quarrelsome any more, and I ight my big brother's hand would —well—grateful and comforting, know."

he was curious as to why he want- he explanation, but she give it to unhesitatingly, without the faint- touch of coquetry or embarrass- it.

can't remember back to the ," she continued, "when I didn't do ngs like that to you, just as you to me, and neither of us ever ated an explanation before. Are trying to make up your mind to own me, or something?"

le leaned back moodily into his r without answering her.

fter a little perplexed silence, she

s Eyes Did Not Turn to Hers, But Remained Fixed.

oke again. "I didn't know things re going wrong with you. I didn't m suspect it until this morning, on Uncle Jerry said—"

What!" Tom interrupted. "What s the governor know about it? at did he say?"

'Why, nothing, but that you were ying in rather hard luck, he ught, and that I was to be nice to . Is the world going badly— real- badly—really badly?"

'Yes." That curt monosyllable was dently all the answer he meant to ke. At that she gave up all at- npt to console him, dropped back her chair and cuddled a little deep- down under her bear skin, her face, ee-quarters away from him, turned ward that part of the sky that was eady becoming glorious with the ts of sunset.

'You've never had any doubt at all, re you, that I really deserved the of being your big brother; that vas that quite as genuinely as if I been born that way?"

'No," she said; "of course not, Tom, ar. What put such an idea into r head?"

e paled a little, and it was a min- or two before he could command words he wanted, to his lips. "Be- se of my hopes, I suppose," he unsteadily; "because I had hoped, urdly enough, for the other an- er. You asked as a joke a while k if I meant to disown you. Well, , from that relationship—because, not fit for the job; because—be- se—I've come to love you in the r way."

he looked at him in perfectly blank nishment. He would not meet her s, his own, their pupils almost allel, gazed out, unseeing, beyond

lowly her color mounted until she her whole face burning. "I didn't ," she said. "You shouldn't have me go on thinking—"

didn't know myself until today," terrupted her stormily; "I didn't w I knew, that is.' But when I saw put your hands on that villain ey, I wanted to kill him, and in same flash I knew why I wanted

rning suddenly to look at her, he that she had buried her face in hands and was crying forlornly. I am a brute," he concluded, "to told you about it in this way."

'hat does the way matter? That's what makes it hard. It's loving so much, the way I do, and having art you. It's having to lose my ier—the only brother I ever had."

ere was a long, miserable silence that. Finally he said: "Jeanne, u do love me as much as that—way you do, not the way I love but love me any way—could you ll you—marry me just the same? never have any thought in the but of making you happy. And ways be there; you could count e, you know."

on't!" she interrupted curtly. t talk like that, Tom." She shiv- , and drew away from him with the movement somewhere near to disgust.

e winced at it, and reddened. n, in a voice that sounded curious- thick to her, curiously unlike his , he asked a question: "If I had you all this a month ago—told how I felt toward you, and asked loving me the way you do, to ry me just the same, would you?—

I suppose you would have re- d. But would you have shuddered shrunk away from me—like that?" Id I shudder and shrink away?" asked. 'I didn't know it. I n't angry; I'm not now. But— that was a terrible thing you d of me."

Would it have struck you as hor- ," he persisted, "if I had asked it onth ago?"

'erhaps not," she answered thoughtfully, "I've changed a good deal in the last month—since we sailed away from San Francisco and left the world behind us—our world —and came out into this great white empty one. I don't know why that is."

"I know." He was speaking with a sort of brutal intensity that startled her. "I know. It's not in the last month you've changed; it's within the last 24 hours; it's since you saw and fell in love with that murderous lying brute of a Cayley."

"I don't know," she said very quietly, "whether you're trying to kill the love I have for you—the old love—or not, Tom, but unless you're very careful, you'll succeed in doing it. I don't think I want to talk to you any more now, not even sit here beside you. I'm going to take a little walk."

He held himself rigidly until till she had disappeared round the end of the deckhouse. Then he bent over and buried his face in his hands!

What the thing was that roused him to his present surroundings he never knew. He was conscious of no sound, but suddenly he sat erect and stared about him in amazement. It had grown quite dark. It must be two or three hours since Jeanne had left the chair beside him and announced that she was going to take a little walk.

He spoke her name, not loudly at first, for he thought she must be close by. But the infinite silent spaces seemed to absorb the sound of his voice. There was no sign that any sentient thing, except his very self, had heard the words he uttered. Then he called loudly.

The steps were rather difficult to negotiate, but by using both hands to supplement his one good foot, he succeeded in creeping down them, and then in making his way along the corridor to the girl's door.

He knocked faintly at first; then louder, and finally cried out her name again, this time in genuine alarm. He tried the door, found that it was not locked, and opening it and switching on a light, perceived that the stateroom was empty.

He heard footsteps crossing the deck overhead. No, that could not be Jeanne; it was a heavy tread, a curious, shuffling tread.

He closed the door behind him. Then he limped slowly down the corridor toward the foot of the companionway. The heavy tread was already descending the stairs.

He turned the corner, stopped short and gasped. And that was all. There was no time even for fear. He had caught one glimpse of a monstrous figure clad in skins, huge in bulk, hairy-faced like a gorilla.

And then, the man or beast had, with beastlike quickness, lifted his arm and struck. And Tom Fanshaw dropped down at his feet, senseless.

(To be continued.)

FORGOT THE KEY.

Then the Locksmith Showed Him How to Open the Door.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eastend started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they paused on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query, "Have you got the key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No, I haven't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser."

"Well, here's a pretty how-de-do!" exclaimed Mrs. E. as her consort savagely but fruitlessly rummaged his pockets. "How are we going to get in to get it?"

Hubby first tried the lower windows, to find them all carefully locked. Neighbors awoke to the situation and began to be helpful.

"Get a ladder," said one.

"Get a jimmy," said another.

"Get an aeroplane," said a third.

Various other expedients, ranging from derricks to dynamite, were suggested. Finally one neighbor brought a ladder which wouldn't reach the second story windows by six feet. It was suggested that the fire department be summoned. Rejected.

By this time the engagement had to be called off, and the remarks Mrs. E. was making to the female contingent of the assemblage will not here be recorded. As a last resort a locksmith was suggested, and Mr. E. departed in search of one. At the end of an hour he returned with a stolid looking German bearing an armful of tools.

"Vich vone?" he inquired.

"This one," said Mrs. E., "and for goodness' sake don't jimmy it nor dynamite it unless you have to!"

"Dot's all right," grunted the workman. Then he extended his hand and tried the knob. It turned. The catch had not caught. The door swung open. He turned and gave the assemblage an expressive glance.

And now, when Mr. and Mrs. E. leave their little home of an evening some neighbor is sure to stick his head out of a window and kindly inquire, "Have you got the key?"—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

BLIND TO GOOD LUCK.

Fable of the Weary Farmer and the Golden Plow.

There was once a Benevolent Fairy who was accustomed to doing Good Deeds in Whimsical Ways. One day she was flying across the country to attend a meeting of the A. O. B. F. when she noticed a Farmer laboring in the Fields. His horse was Attenuated and Decrepit, and his plow was Heavy and Old Fashioned. Often he would pause and wipe the sweat from his brow. Plainly he was having a Hard Time.

The Benevolent Fairy watched him a moment and observed his Haggard Look and his general air of Misery. Suddenly an Idea came to her—to make this man Rich, so that he would no longer have to delve and struggle to Eke out a Bare Living. So she swooped down and touched the plow with her wand—she was, of course, invisible—and instantly it was changed to Solid Gold. Then with an amused but kindly backward glance the Benevolent Fairy went on her way.

A year later, remembering the occurrence, she flew over to see how the Farmer was enjoying his Good Fortune. She found him in the Fields, plowing laboriously, and if anything he and his surroundings looked Meaner and More Miserable than they had before. Much surprised, the Fairy flew closer, just in time to hear him murmur:

"I wish this ding-busted plow wasn't so heavy!"

The Benevolent Fairy eyed him Pityingly; then she once more touched the plow with her wand, and it again became a thing of wood and iron. Then she flew away, and the Farmer resumed his Toil.

—After all, are there not some folk who would die of thirst adrift on a river?—Clifton B. Dowd in Lippincott's.

A Duel in Undress.

Dueling, though not dead, was dying out even in Rogers' time and was not taken very seriously. The poet's biographer tells the quaint story of how Mr. Humphrey Howarth, a surgeon, when called out made his appearance in the field stark naked. The astonished challenger asked him what he meant. "I know," said Howarth, "that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound festering ensues, and therefore I have met you thus." His antagonist declared that fighting a man in puris naturalibus would be quite ridiculous, and accordingly they parted without further discussion.

THE TURKISH BATH

A Victim's Story of the Real Thing In Its Native Land.

WELL MAULED AND SCRAPED.

He Was Kneaded, Plucked, Turned Over and Walked Upon and Then Scrubbed as Though He Were a Kitchen Floor.

The tourist who wanders about Stamboul will from time to time come on domed buildings of all sizes which might be taken for mosques but that they seem to have no fountains and no minarets. From some place, such as the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Sulayman, where their roofs may be overlooked, it will be seen that the low domes are often of a peculiar salmon pink color and always covered with glass bullseyes. These are the real Turkish baths.

Quite apart from the ceremonial wash before prayer, Islam, which considers cleanliness not so much next to godliness as a part of godliness itself, ordains a periodical scrub all over. And the Turk, unlike the sodden west, never sits in hot water, but prefers a hot room, a tap and a basin as a minimum and, a shampooer and a flesh glove if he can afford such luxuries.

One enters, as in the west, into the cooling room, generally a high domed room with many galleries around, a marble floor and a fountain, and before going to a private room or, if the bath is to be done on the cheap, to a place on the big common sofas one exchanges dirty boots for slipshod heelless slippers. Watch and valuables may be left under the care of the cooling room attendant—who superintends the process of undressing, winds a loin cloth around one and throws a primrose towel over one's shoulders. Before crossing the floor of the cooling room the slippers are again exchanged for wooden clogs, wherein the novice walks like Agag, delicately, in fear of a fall, till he learns to imitate the speed of the bath men by abandoning all attempts to walk and executing a fast shuffle.

The outer hot room, at about the temperature of an English shampooing room, is a very secondary affair. One stays there for a little, still clothed in the primrose towel, reclining on a distant imitation of a bed, drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette, perhaps watching a couple of shampooers amusing themselves by a wrestling bout. The customer and the shampooer wear the same type of loin cloth, an elaborate check of red and yellow that may be seen any day in the streets on an apron worn by the Albanian sellers of chestnuts or sweetmeats.

If that cigarette is finished come into the inner room, heavy with damp heat, the real bath. The attendant pulls off the shoulder towel and opens the door, a heavy wooden affair, kept shut by a counterweight, whose banging is not the least characteristic noise in the bath. Inside is a large square domed room. Innumerable bullseyes in the dome admit the light, which the whitewashed walls reflect, making a light and airy effect. On the great square slab in the middle they have placed a towel and a pillow, and here one lies, leaving the clogs on the floor.

Round the room, screened from one another by dwarf walls, are a row of marble basins, and here may be seen all classes—such is the democracy of Islam—from the army officer to the day laborer, whose shaved head oddly suggests a tonsure. The poorer classes do not indulge in the luxury of massage. They come for a wash only and often bring their own soap for economy's sake. It is not uncommon to see two of them scrubbing one another by turns.

Presently, unbidden, the shampooer mounts the slab and squats beside his victim. Most of his work consists in kneading the flesh rather than the long, heavy strokes of an English masseur. But when the customer is turned on his face the masseur becomes more energetic. He plucks the skin on each side of the spine, walks up and down on the back and strenuously gathers up arms and legs into curious bone breaking knots regardless of the grunts of the stiff jointed west. A final super-Gordian knot and the clapping of his hands show that it is over.

The customer, as soon as he can collect limbs which seem to have been pulled clean off him, adjourns to one of the basins and is rubbed with a rough glove to take off the old skin. Then the man brings a battered metal bowl ("old bowl, old bath," is the Turkish proverb for "the old, old story") with soap and a lather wisp of "lyf" (Mecca palm fiber, and scrubs conscientiously for some ten minutes, working with the abandon of a zealous housemaid on a floor, forgetful apparently that the object he is scrubbing is flesh and blood.

Finally he pours warm water from the bowl to wash away the last of the soapsuds and, if the bath is a large and up to date one, conducts his well scrubbed victim to a cold douche.

Drying takes place in the outer hot room; sundry loin cloths and towels are wrapped about the body, a small towel makes a turban for the head and clean clogs are produced for the feet, which have been dried with great—sometimes inconveniently great—care. A loud clapping of hands announces that the process is over, and the three or four Turks who seem always to be doing nothing zealously in the room crowd round to wish one good health. —London Globe.

A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

Its First Case and the Way the Bill Was Paid

By ESTHER ALDERSHAW

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The doorbell rang sharply, and Evalina dropped the rolling pin and opened the side door.

A man stood in the porch, his hat in hand—a good looking man of forty, perhaps, with a nice smile and a well shaped head. Evalina liked a man to have a well shaped head, and she rather liked the looks of this man. When he spoke she liked the deep mellow tones of his voice.

"I am looking for Miss Ward," he said pleasantly. "Is she at home?"

"I am Miss Ward," acknowledged Evalina, smiling.

"I was told Miss Ward could supply me with some homemade bread."

"I have wheat, rye and graham." Evalina opened a glass case that rested on a side table and from its depths drew forth a crisp golden loaf.

"I'll take one of each," he declared. Just then there came a querulous voice from a room beyond the kitchen.

"Evalina, who are you talking to? You ain't got any beaus out there, have you?"

The girl flushed brightly, and a strange air of reserve settled over her lovely face. "It is my Great-aunt Harriet. She is very old and somewhat peculiar. I hope you will not mind what she said."

"Evalina! That's Tom Taylor's voice. What's he doin' here?" Aunt Harriet's voice shrilled through the room.

The man let himself out the door while Evalina hastened to the side of bedridden Aunt Harriet.

"What's Tom Taylor doing here?" asked the old woman, peevishly.

"It wasn't Tom, Aunt Harriet; it was a stranger," explained the girl with sweet patience.

"What you going to give me for supper?" With Evalina's help she sat up while the girl brushed back her scanty gray locks and straightened the bedclothes.

"Creamed toast and peaches, some of my fresh jumbles and a cup of tea."

"Sounds dreadful good, Evalina. I expect I'm mighty cross to you sometimes. You've got the patience of an angel, for you ain't never cross." Aunt Harriet stretched forth a bony hand and caressed the girl's bright hair.

Evalina bent and kissed her softly. "Too bad I can't be nice to you, Aunt Harriet. You're all I've got in the world."

"I'm a poor critter," lamented Aunt Harriet—"not worth my salt. You're killing yourself baking and brewing there to make a living for us both. I wish you'd get married, Evalina."

"Maybe I shall marry a millionaire," laughed Evalina as she went busily to and fro. "You would like that, aunt, for I shouldn't do any more baking. Wouldn't that be perfectly lovely? You might ride in an automobile. How would you like that?"

"I wouldn't like it a mite," said Aunt Harriet grimly. "I'd say to the driver, 'You can take me right up to the graveyard now; I'm bound to get there if I go riding in an automobile,' and so if there was an accident I'd be right handy to the Ward plot. There, Evalina, that supper does smell real tasty. It's a shame you don't get married. You are a splendid cook, and some good man would appreciate you."

"Aunt Harriet, I believe you might operate a matrimonial bureau, only please don't practice on me. I'm too busy to get married."

Evalina hurried away to attend to her baking, which by a series of accidents had been delayed until the late afternoon. As she bustled to and fro, putting things to rights, clearing away the disorder of flour and other ingredients, she passed a small mirror hanging on the wall.

"Dear me!" murmured Evalina. "I wonder if that smudge of flour was on my forehead when he was in here. I hope not."

"Evalina, do come and set me right!" called the old lady. "I've eat my supper and spilled the tea, and I want to go to sleep."

When Evalina had cleared away the supper things and Aunt Harriet had been tucked under the covers Evalina sat a long time over her own meal with soft brown eyes dreamily fixed on the glowing square of the stove door.

Every day thereafter the stranger man called at Evalina's house and bought some product of her baking. One day several weeks after the stranger's first visit Aunt Harriet was left alone in the house while Evalina went to a nearby town to order supplies. Late in the afternoon there came a knock at the sitting room door.

"Who is it?" demanded Aunt Harriet shrilly.

"I would like some bread, please," came the meek voice of the stranger.

"The key's under the mat," called Aunt Harriet eagerly. "Come right in."

When the door had opened and closed and she knew the stranger was in the sitting room Aunt Harriet called again: "Evalina's gone to the store. If you want bread you can take it from the case and leave the money on the table. Be you Tom Taylor?"

"No, I'm not Mr. Taylor. I merely called for some bread. I'll help myself with your permission," came the genial tones in reply.

"Will you please come here a moment?" Aunt Harriet spoke rather timidly for a woman of her forcible character.

"Certainly, if you wish." In an instant he was filling the bathroom doorway and looking down at Aunt Harriet's eager old face. "What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

"I wanted to see you. I like your voice," said Aunt Harriet, with sudden decision. "What did you say your name was?" she asked shrewdly.

The stranger smiled broadly. "I didn't say, but I am Dr. Massen, the new physician in town."

"Dr. Massen," repeated Aunt Harriet slowly, as if she enjoyed the sound of the words. "Are you married, young man?"

"No, I am not," he laughed lightly.

"Drink?" asked Aunt Harriet briskly.

"Never."

"Smoke?"

"Yes, and enjoy it too."

Aunt Harriet shook her head disapprovingly, but made no comment.

"Chew?" she asked.

"Lord, no!" he laughed again. "And I don't believe I use swear words either."

"Yes, you do. You just said one," contradicted the old woman dryly. "But never mind; you'll do."

"Thank you for saying so. And now may I have my bread?"

"You better wait till Evalina comes," suggested Aunt Harriet agreeably. "You can sit right down in the other room. There's likely to be Sunday school papers on the table. You can read till Evalina comes. She'll be along in a moment."

"Very well," said Dr. Massen, obeying her suggestion with suspicious promptitude.

Thereupon followed a conversation that would better be called an inquisition. There was no question concerning the life of John Massen that Aunt Harriet did not ask. His past was laid bare for Aunt Harriet's inspection, and then she in turn told the simple story of Evalina's self sacrificing life. "All for an old woman that isn't worth her salt," she said tearfully.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor cheerily. "I know Miss Ward enjoys doing it for you."

"If I was to die she'd be all alone," said Aunt Harriet wistfully. "I wish she'd get married."

Dr. Massen was silent for several moments. "Perhaps she will some day," he said, with some constraint.

"Why don't you marry her?" asked Aunt Harriet sharply. "Evalina's a real good cook."

"Aunt Harriet!" Evalina's voice came indignantly from the doorway. "Why are you speaking of me in such a manner to a stranger. How may I serve you, sir?"

Dr. Massen, looking down at her, marveled at her great anger. She looked like some little fluffy ruffled bird, a little bright hued bird whose domain has been invaded by some marauding dog or cat.

"I came for bread," he said meekly. "I hope you have some to spare."

"I believe there is some left," said Evalina loftily, and then she blushed painfully while he bowed low and left the room.

Evalina walked into the bedroom and, throwing herself down into a chair beside the bed, burst into tears. "Aunt Evalina, how could you?" she sobbed bitterly. "You have mortified me so."

"I was only starting my matrimonial bureau, Evalina. You won't do nothing yourself about getting married, and you can't have all your life. There ain't no one to take on so; he was real pleasant about the matter."

"Pleasant!" wailed Evalina. "Oh, Aunt Harriet, why did you pick him out? If it had only been someone else! I'll never dare look him in the face again!"

Aunt Harriet turned her face to the wall and smiled wisely. "I can't say I'm sorry, Evalina, but I won't say any such things again, I promise."

Two weeks afterward Aunt Harriet suffered one of her periodical "p or spells," and old Dr. Lake was sent for in great haste. But Dr. Lake was himself a prisoner, tied to the house with inflammatory rheumatism, so it happened that the tall form of Dr. Massen darkened Evalina's doorway once more.

She did not look at him, but led the way directly to Aunt Harriet's side. She stood apart and reluctantly confessed to herself that his skill was far superior to that of the old doctor. His terse questioning, his kindly manner, his quick diagnosis of Aunt Harriet's baffling case, opened a world of encouragement for both women.

Evalina found herself flying to do his bidding. An hour afterward they were chatting like old friends across Aunt Harriet's contented face.

"Seems like I feel ten years younger, doctor," said the old woman gratefully. "After I give you a course of electric massage you'll be running around with the best of us," he encouraged her.

"I can never repay you, if you do," she said tearfully.

"You've paid me in part already, Miss Ward," he said gravely, without looking at Evalina, "Some day I'm coming to present my bill—and perhaps levy on your most precious possession."

Evalina in the next room was again an eavesdropper, but this time she was silent. Her hand rested lightly with a half caress on one of the doctor's sealskin gloves thrown on the table, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes.

"I'm glad he likes spice jumbles," thought Evalina before she awoke to trembling realization of what the admission meant.

An Impromptu Christmas

And the True Christmas Feeling It Prompted

By EDWARD PIERCE

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The blizzard raced across the foothills and screamed down the canyons, obliterating all trails that led to the Double Star ranch. It filled the air with smothering, dying flakes and plastered the sides of the bunk house with a thick white covering. The windows of the ranch house a hundred yards distant were oblongs of light that diffused a sickly yellow glow into the flying snow.

Ducie Case tossed another log on the blazing hearth and surveyed the silent crowd with growing disdain. At last he could no longer control himself and broke forth into violent speech:

"Say, you mum mouthed dummies, you long faced, solemn eyed, good-for-nothing cayuses, do you know this is Christmas eve?"

The moody circle about the fire straightened as by one accord and looked at the speaker with the first sign of interest that had been betrayed since the silent supper had ended.

"Do you know this is Christmas eve?" repeated Mr. Case impressively as he brought a pipe from his pocket and proceeded to clean it with the nervous energy that characterized his every movement.

"Of course we know it," growled Miller from his corner. "We didn't get any mail today—haven't had any for a week! Excuse—me—Christmas, coming! Bah!"

"You've got a grouch, Miller. You're always kicking about the mail, and I've never seen you get any letters yet—not even one of them picture postal cards that Frankie here gets so many of."

Ducie Case pushed out of his chair and noisily mounted the heavy table, where he looked down on his companions with a benevolent smile.

"Tonight's Christmas eve, boys, and I'm going to confess it's the onliest Christmas eve I ever spent.

"Every one of you is downright homesick. That's what's the matter with you. I expect you're homesick every time Christmas comes around. If you can't get home to your folks and find an old fashioned Christmas—why, I say let's have Christmas right here in the Double Star bunk house. All in favor say 'aye.'"

"Aye" came forth a mighty chorus from seven throats.

"Good! Now, gentlemen, there ain't any tree within three miles of the ranch except the poplars at the big house, and they're too large. Can we have a Christmas tree?" he asked skeptically.

"Nix" was the laconic reply.

"Well, then, you've all got socks. Hang 'em before dawn by the chimney. We might as well do this Santy Claus business up nice and brown."

The men settled, lounging, to their several books or smoke. Their reflects for their socks. When they returned Mr. Case was ready with hammer and nails to fasten them to the long shelf. The first to go up was his own, a huge blue woolen affair with a startling weld presented by the sagging top.

"Now, what you going to put in 'em?" demanded Miller as he witnessed the hammering of the last nail into his own sock.

"Now, that's up to the rest of you in a way," drawled Mr. Case indifferently. "I've started this thing and got the ball rolling nicely. All you chaps has got to do is to find something to put in those socks. Seems as if you might find something to give each other just to remember the day and make things pleasant."

"Who feels like being very pleasant with no mail for a week and no prospect of any?" complained Frankie, rather peevishly. "I thought Christmas eve was the time for good things to eat and drink. I haven't seen the chink handing out any goodies yet."

"You go along and work that Christmas spirit business I was telling you about," commanded Mr. Case. "Sam Huh and me will take care of the eating end. Just watch my smoke!"

He disappeared behind the plank door that shut off the kitchen quarters from the living room, and they heard the sound of his strident voice mingled with the staccato objections of the Chinese cook.

Storrs stepped forward, a slight flush on his handsome face, and turned toward his companions. "I'm rather ashamed, boys, that Ducie had to remind us that it was the night before Christmas. It's certainly a dull time, and I believe we ought to do all we can to make it pleasant, even if the mail doesn't come at all. Suppose we make the best kind of a Christmas we can out of what we've got."

"Let's," agreed Miller boyishly. "Suppose we begin with Ducie's meal sack here. He must expect an automobile in that. What do you say?"

"Let's give him one," retorted Storrs cheerfully. "I saw one a minute ago." He reached for a magazine and drew a knife from his pocket. He turned to the advertising section and cut from it the picture of a large touring car. "What's the matter with that?" he crowed softly as he slipped it in Ducie's stocking.

"I got a couple of handkerchiefs that I've never used," said Frankie suddenly. "I'll give one to Ducie and one to somebody else. Let's get busy, boys."

They got busy and searched their trunks and their pockets for treasures that might go to fill a comrade's stocking. Pocketknives, handkerchiefs, a watch chain, a key ring, neck handkerchiefs, a pair of spurs, tobacco, cigars, a patent pencil, matchboxes—all changed hands deftly from pockets to one or another of the yawning stockings. When the little store of articles gave out they had recourse to the magazine and lavished all sorts of lithographed gifts upon each other.

They all entered into the spirit of the thing with an abandonment that was pathetic when one considered the barrenness of the ground upon which they tried to graft a Christmas. Whatever else the occasion lacked, the Yuletide spirit was there.

When Ducie Case emerged from the kitchen with the thoroughly cowed Sam Huh in his train they were laden with plates of red apples and yellow oranges, plates of crisp cakes fresh from their paper boxes and a large dish of candy, which Ducie placed in the middle of the table.

"Bring in the coffee, Sam, when I holler," said Ducie ceremoniously. Then he turned to the grinning cowpunchers surrounding the fire. "Let's see what Santy Claus has got for us, eh, boys?"

"You first, Ducie!" they insisted, and they watched him delightedly as he brought forth from the stocking a paper of his favorite tobacco, which Storrs also carried, and a silver watch chain.

"That was a great idea of mine," chuckled Ducie after he had identified the givers and thanked them warmly. "I have a feeling that this here is to be a kind of a merry Christmas, even if the mail don't get in."

After that there was no end to the fun. Each man found several surprising gifts in his stockings, and there was much merriment in identifying the givers and more interchange of good feeling than the Double Star had known in some time.

Presently Sam Huh brought in a pot of steaming coffee, and they gathered about the board and ate of the refreshments and toasted Mr. Ducie in the stimulating black liquid with much flattery.

When the meal was concluded Raymond Storrs sang a song in his fine tenor voice. It was a Christmas carol, one that they all knew, and they joined in the chorus with a vim. Frankie delivered an amusing monologue, and the taciturn Miller gave an absurdly funny imitation of a fashionable lady buying a hat. There were other songs and recitations and the quaffing of a weirdly constructed bowl of punch that Sam Huh had laboriously put together from several cookbooks and unlimited advice from the different members of the party.

"What's the matter with this Christmas?" demanded Frankie excitedly at 11 o'clock was struck on the tall clock in the corner.

"It's all right! It's been a bully one! Couldn't be better! Up to us to thank Ducie!" were some of the comments on the occasion.

There was the sound of hoofs pounding in the snow outside and a loud shout. Every man was on his feet with interested faces.

"The mail at last!" cried Miller excitedly. "Now we'll see what's what!"

They crowded about the door as Mr. West came over from the big house to open the mail box. It had stopped snowing, and the stars were blazing in a cold, clear, dark sky.

"Letter for you and you, and you," rattled Mr. West as he tossed letters here and there among his employees. They grasped them eagerly and then tucked them away for private perusal. It happened that each one received at least one letter, and Raymond Storrs received several with a San Francisco postmark, as well as a wooden case that was dumped on the floor ere the letter carrier drove away.

Storrs ripped off the cover while they hung breathlessly over him. From numerous careful wrappings he drew forth a large phonograph with a morning glory horn and a collection of wax music rolls. Deftly Storrs fitted the parts together and placed the machine on the table and wound it up. There was a cylinder in the machine, as if his sweetheart, who had sent it, had left it there that he might hear the continuation of a melody she had been singing.

There was a low, buzzing sound, and then there came forth from that instrument of wood and metal a sweet soprano voice singing with a delicate violin accompaniment:

"Oh, holy night, peaceful night."

As the hymn rang out every hat was whipped off and the little group stood bareheaded in the open doorway looking out at the same brilliant stars that had shone down over Bethlehem that long ago holy night when the first Christmas was sung over one who brought peace and good will into the world.

Afterward, as they followed Mr. West across the yard toward the big house where he said a feast awaited them, Frankie nudged Ducie Case with a razor-like elbow.

"I learned one thing tonight," admitted Frankie graciously, "and that was you can have Christmas cheer most anywhere, provided you've got the ingredients in your heart—eh?"

Ducie nodded. "Everybody has got the ingredients to make a happy Christmas in their hearts, only they don't stir 'em together to make 'em work properly. Haven't they, Norman?" He shot this question at the tall young man walking beside him with radiant face upturned to the stars.

Storrs pressed the phonograph that had registered the singing voice of his sweetheart close under his arm and smiled contentedly.

"You bet!" he cried emphatically.

Her Christmas Pudding

It Opened the Way to an Unexpected Pleasure

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Tied snugly in a round bag, the Christmas pudding bubbled merrily in the big pot on the gas range. Young Mrs. Bell tripped lightly to and fro about the tiny kitchen, her heart full of Yuletide cheer and gentle graciousness. It was her first Christmas as a housewife, and the little flat was spick and span with cleanliness.

Laura Bell lifted the pot lid and peered at the fragrant pudding.

"My, but that does smell Christmassy!" sighed Laura as she replaced the lid and proceeded to wash the mountainous array of dishes in the sink. "I never believed I could anticipate an enjoyable Christmas away from Lakeville and the home folks, but I begin to think we two are going to have a lovely time, even if we are all alone in this big, strange city."

That night at dinner Timothy Bell leaned back in his chair and surveyed the remains of his excellent meal with manifest approval.

"So the pudding was a success, dear?" he inquired.

"Light as a feather, and so spicy!" said his wife proudly. "I'd show it to you, Tim, only I've tied it up again and put it out on the fire escape to keep cold. I shall boil it for an hour tomorrow, just before dinner, so it will be piping hot."

"Now this is Christmas eve. Do you want to go out tonight?"

"I'd like to go out and mingle with the crowds, although my own shopping was finished a week ago. It seemed strange to prepare my gifts so early and send them through the mail instead of rushing around with them the way I've always done in Lakeville. I rather miss the excitement and fun of it all. Now, Timothy, dear, don't look so solemn. Really I'd rather be here in New York with you today than away out in Minnesota with everybody else if you were not there.

"I've a mind to try it on every man, woman and child I meet in the corridors tomorrow," said Laura daringly as she cleared away the meal. "What do you suppose they would say?"

"A BLESSED OLD PUDDING."

"Probably complain to the janitor," grinned Timothy, gathering a pile of dishes and whisking them into the kitchen. "Hurry up, sweetheart. Let the dishes wait till we come home. Get on your things and let's join the crowd. If we can't have a Lakeville Christmas we'll have the New York kind, eh?"

"Of course we will," agreed his wife.

The Bells enjoyed their excursion into the shopping districts. The broad avenues were ablaze with light and color, and the moving multitudes of Christmas purchasers formed constantly changing pictures that delighted the country bred eyes of Timothy and his wife. More than once Timothy's hand went down into his pocket to add a mite to some Salvation Army kettle on a corner or to dispense holiday comfort to some one whose need of food or warmth was apparent to his observing glance. Once he and Laura conveyed a party of four ragged urchins into a little toyshop and made four children radiantly happy with simple gifts.

When they reached home again the clocks were striking 11 and Laura's eyes were sparkling with happiness, while Timothy felt a quiet satisfaction in the pleasure the evening had brought them. As they waited for the elevator a young man and a girl entered the building and stood near them.

Timothy's keen glance noted that the man was well dressed, but rather thinly clad for the season. His face was thin and pale, as if he had recently been ill, while his dark eyes wore a brooding, discouraged expression that was out of keeping with the spirit of the approaching festival. The girl, who wore a wedding ring on one slender ungloved hand, watched him with a pretty air of motherly anxiety. She was a brown little thing, with hair and eyes of a warm russet hue and a charming face that attracted Laura Bell's attention.

As they rilded up in the elevator Laura found herself watching the girl with interest. There was a sad look when the young man's glance was turned away from her uplifted face, and Laura noted little tense lines about the mobile lips. The elevator stopped at the Bells' floor, and as they left the car Mrs. Bell turned with a sudden impulse and nodded to the friendliest manner at the little brown girl.

"Merry Christmas!" she called.

The floor sagged as the car bounded up, but the brown girl leaned forward and called back in a low, sweet voice, "Merry Christmas to you!"

"I did it, Timothy," said Laura as they entered their own cozy flat. "I knew some of these flat dwellers were human—even if you doubted it."

"Wrong again and glad of it this time," admitted Timothy as he turned up the gas in the parlor. "Now, Laura, how about those dishes?"

"They must be done tonight," declared Mrs. Bell, tying a large apron about her slender form. "There won't be a thing to do tomorrow except to roast the chicken, heat up the pudding and cook some vegetables."

Laura went to the window that opened on a fire escape and raised it. Then she uttered a faint shriek of dismay and turned to her husband.

"It's gone!" she cried dramatically.

"What—the pudding?" Timothy approached the window and made a careful examination of the impromptu refrigerator. "Nothing here but a blamed pudding of any kind," he reported. "Sure you didn't bring it inside and forget about it?"

Laura opened the pantry door and revealed its cupboard-like interior. There were the plump chicken and the delicately tinted celery and the crimson cranberry sauce and bowl of fruit, but there was no sign of that snugly bagged plum pudding that was to be the chef d'oeuvre of the Christmas feast.

The hour that followed was an exciting one for the Bells. They searched high and low, in the most impossible places, for the delectable pudding that Laura had made, but in vain. At last Timothy went down to the basement and consulted the genial janitor, who listened with interest to his tale of woe, but offered no solace.

It was after 7 o'clock on Christmas morning when Laura was awakened by a ringing of the hall bell. Throwing on a warm wrapper and thrusting her feet into furry slippers, she hastened into the narrow hall, careful not to disturb her sleeping husband.

Laura opened the door the merest crack and peered inquisitively through. What she saw caused her to throw the door open with cordial hospitality.

"Merry Christmas! Come in, do!" she said to the little brown girl who stood there, looking rather pale and frightened.

"For just a moment. There is something I must explain," she slipped inside and sank into the chair that Laura offered. "I know you will think it strange that I have come, a perfect stranger, but the janitor said you had lost a pudding."

"I have. Did you find it?" cried Laura eagerly. "It's the greatest mystery what has become of it."

The girl sighed sadly, and a flush reddened her cheek for a brief instant and was gone. "I shall have to tell you about ourselves," she said, with dignity, "so that you will understand why we have eaten half of your pudding. We're all alone, both of us, and we've had bad luck ever since we were married. In September Paul was taken down with typhoid fever and lost his position as bookkeeper. He's just able to get around now and look for work, and he hasn't been at all successful. Things have been going from bad to worse, and we're going to move out the first of the year. We've been running low for a long time, and for the last two days we haven't had much to eat, so there—just milk or something like that. Tonight before we went out the dumb waiter whistle sounded, and when I opened the slide there was our bottle of milk, with a plum pudding in a bag.

"I thought—honestly I did—that somebody had sent it up to us, though we're not acquainted with a soul here, and so I heated it up, and we ate half of it. It was lovely. A little while ago the janitor came and inquired if we'd seen a plum pudding, so I came right down to tell you, as Paul is asleep. I don't know what to say to you."

"Don't you dare say another word about that pudding," commanded Laura. "If you only knew how lonesome we are today you and your husband would come down and spend the day with us. We were wishing we knew somebody in the house here to ask. I'm so thankful about that pudding. Why, if I hadn't put it in the dumb waiter instead of the fire escape (I'm very absentminded when I'm busy) you would never have received it, and we might never have been acquainted. Isn't it a blessed old pudding?"

These two lonely young women hugged each other delightedly, and afterward Laura went to arouse Timothy that he might accompany her to the floor above, where the Robinsons lived, and add his persuasions to bear against the pride of Mr. Paul Robinson.

"You might find a position for him in the office, Timothy," suggested his wife hopefully.

"I think that will be easy," promised Mr. Bell.

It was a merry little gathering that did justice to Laura's Christmas dinner. The tragedy that was beneath the eating of half the pudding was quite forgotten in the joy of the present and the hopeful outlook for the future. When the day was over and the Robinsons had returned to their rooms, cheered in mind and purse by Timothy's delicately proffered generosity, Laura slipped her hand in her husband's arm and leaned her head against him, saying:

"It's been different from any Christmas I ever spent, Timothy, and I've been wondering what might have happened to them if that blessed pudding hadn't opened the way."

Not a Chance!

A man told another man a few days ago how he had been buttoning his wife's dress for five years and finally, in order to even the account, he had a shirt made to order with sixty-five buttons down the back.

"Did you make her button it?" eagerly inquired the second party, with a glad smile.

"I tried to and fell down like slipping on a banana skin," replied the first party. "She promptly told me to button the top button and let the others slide, explaining that they would not show when I had put on my coat."—Chicago Tribune.

Mahomet's Parliament.

When Disraeli was in Egypt—the story is told in Mr. Monypenny's biography—he met Mehemet Ali, who desired to introduce parliamentary institutions into his country. "I will have a parliament," he said, "and I will have as many parliaments as the king of England himself." So saying, his highness produced two lists of names. "See here," he said. "Here are my parliaments. But I have made up my mind, to prevent inconvenience, to elect them myself."

So Funny of Him.

Mrs. Lazenbee—Here's the man come to fix our clock. Go upstairs and get it for him, won't you? Mrs. Lazenbee—It isn't upstairs, is it? Mrs. Lazenbee—Certainly. Where did you think it was? Mr. Lazenbee—I thought it had run down.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Presence of Mind.

Sarah Brum—How do I look in this hat? Sarah Bellum—Turn around and let me see the back of it, dear. Why, it's perfectly splendid!—Chicago Tribune.

Real Estate Bargains

The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.

Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.

Prices range from $475.00 to $625.00 including lots.

Also 50 building lots.

See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.

Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

WAVERLY OIL CO.

Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit

A thin, pale oil, made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Best for either air-cooled or water-cooled cars. No fictitious body—high real viscosity. *Will not congeal.*

Ask your dealer. Write us, if he can't supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Makers of "Waverly" Gasolines

AUTO OIL

Mid-Winter Sale of Clothing

This is our Annual Clean-up. Nothing is reserved. The greatest price reduction in the history of the business. We have

$25,000

worth of High Grade Clothing to sell. Come early.

SALE STARTS TO-DAY

In Children's Suits and Overcoats we have made a wonderful cut in prices.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gordon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Herman's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. H. BOUTON,
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - Penna
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. L. Bebbington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and Bridge work a specialty. Clean work and satisfaction guaranteed. Prices right. OVER 25 YEAR OFFICE

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well-stocked.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, refurnished and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Blank Books

Playing cards, score cards and place cards.

Finest line in town.

Pure drugs and medicines

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

CHARLEY WAH

HAND LAUNDRY

For Ladies and Gentlemen

Work Finished on Third Day

Under Heath's Barber Shop